

THE LIVING AGE.

SEVENTH SERIES
VOLUME LI.

No. 3489 May 20, 1911

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VOL. CCLXIX.

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PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE LIVING AGE COMPANY,

6 BEACON STREET, BOSTON

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION

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THE DOOM OF SAILS

Alas! must we utterly vanish, and cease
from amidst us,

Sails of the olden sea?

Now dispossessed by the stern and
stunted ironclad,

Wingless and squat and stern?

Purple sails of the heroes lured to the
Westward,

Spread for the golden isles!

Sails of a magic foam with faery plun-
der,

Wafting the wizard gold!

Sails of the morning, come like ghosts
on the sea-line,

With midnight load of the deep!

Sails of the sunset, red over endless
waters,

For the furthest Orient filled!

Sails of the starlight, passing we know
not whither,

Silent, lighted, and lone!

Sails of the sea-man accursed, and
cruising for ever,

Hoist by a spectral crew!

Sails set afire by the lightning, re-
sounding to tempest,

That drum and thunder and sing!

Sails that unruffled repose on a bosom
of azure,

Glassed by a placid flood!

Alas! must ye go as a dream, and de-
part as a vision.

Sails of the olden sea?

Stephen Phillips.

The Spectator.

MY HEART SHALL BE THY GAR-
DEN.

My heart shall be thy garden. Come,
my own,

Into thy garden; thine be happy
hours

Among my fairest thoughts, my tall-
est flowers.

From root to crowning petal thine
alone.

Thine is the place from where the
seeds are sown

Up to the sky enclosed, with all its
showers.

But ah, the birds, the birds! Who
shall build bowers

To keep these thine? O friend, the
birds have flown.

For as these come and go, and quit
our pine

To follow the sweet season, or, new-
comers,

Sing one song only from our al-
der-trees,

My heart has thoughts, which, though
thine eyes hold mine,

Flit to the silent world and other
summers,

With wings that dip beyond the
silver seas.

Alice Meynell

THE SLEEPERS.

As I walked down Thames' stony side,

This silent morn'ag, wet and dark;

Before the cocks in farmyards crowed,

Before the dogs began to bark;

Before the hour of four was struck

By old Westminster's mighty clock:

As I walked down the waterside,

This morning, in the cold, damp air,

I saw a hundred women and men

Huddled in rags and sleeping there;

These people have no work, said I,

And long before their time they die.

That moment, on the waterside,

A lighted car came at a bound;

I looked inside, and lo! a score

Of pale and weary men that frowned;

Each man sat in a huddled heap,

Carried to work while fast asleep.

Ten cars rushed down the waterside,

Like lighted coffins in the dark;

With twenty dead men in each car,

That must be brought alive by work:

These people work too hard, said I,

And long before their time they die.

William H. Davies.

The Nation.

SHEPHERD'S SONG.

O black and white the shepherd's plaid

That haps me warm and weel,

And black and white the shepherd's
dog

That follows at my heel.

O black and high the winter sky,

O white the snowy wold,

Till red and bright the peat-fire's light

For two that are a-cold!

Marna Pease

THE LACK OF PRIVACY IN THE AMERICAN HOME.

The typical American home has every comfort, every convenience, almost every charm except one. This one thing lacking, according to the English point of view, is privacy.

No visitor from England, especially if she be a housewife, can fail to experience a certain pang of discontent with the old-time inconveniences and certain discomforts of English house-keeping when she notes her American cousin living in the midst of such contrivances as almost make it possible to keep house by machinery and the turning of a crank. The first American "pulley-line" which I saw fastened to a New York kitchen window filled me with awe as well as admiration, especially when I found a pretty, young married college graduate standing at the end of the pulley-line hanging her family wash on it as she stood behind her sweet lace kitchen curtain, where she herself could not be seen from outside, giving a twist to a little hinge and then seeing all those clothes swung out into space to dry in the sun while the charming young washerwoman took off her apron and went with me to a *matinée*. That experience gave me a feeling of indignation against the London landlord who failed to provide pulley-lines and all the other things which the New York landlord "threw in" with the rent when one hired a flat or a house over there.

Bless me! A goodly number of English landlords have allowed me to supply my own door-knobs and fire-places, while as for giving me a medicine chest with plate-glass mirror door in the bathroom, a quaint set of stationary wash-tubs, with lids, in the kitchen enclosing hot and cold water taps and all such things—well, we are all quite aware that such things are never done in England, except upon the

payment of a weirdly high premium. There is, however, a certain amount of lavishness upon the part of the London landlord when it comes to the matter of doors; doors which shut one room off entirely from another room and from the passage or landing, thus giving to the occupant of each room a certain amount of privacy and opportunity for the development of individuality. The American landlord is correspondingly stingy in the matter of doors. Yet "stingy" is not the word, either, for I am sure that the prettily ornamented archways, with their carving and fretwork, which lead from one room into another, must cost more than our ordinary English doors on hinges. Sometimes one finds these archways, especially in the modern flats of the large American cities, connecting five rooms, one after the other, and sometimes the effect is as pretty as possible, it gives such an air of space and grandeur.

In an English home occupied by persons of moderate means one is always coming up against a door which seems to warn one off approaching the premises. It is very uncompromising, that English door, and even though your own sister, your own mother, your own wife, or your own husband is on the other side of it, you would not dream of turning the knob without first knocking. The fact is that the nearer the tie which unites you to the person behind that door, the less likely you are to intrude your presence when you are not sure of a welcome. So you knock, and you wait to hear a voice you love say, "Do come in!" or "No, dear, not now. Don't disturb me. I want to be alone." "What! that formality between husband and wife, mother and daughter, father and son!" the American woman exclaims,

and she puts down the English as being "stiff in home relations." But we know it is not "stiffness" nor even real "formality." It is but delicacy and courtesy.

I cannot fancy a well-bred English child entering a mother's room in the hearty, bouncing, familiar manner of the average American boy and girl, who, having no privacy of their own, have never been taught that other persons want privacy, and know nothing of the real significance of the knock and the answering "Come in!" Scores of times I have visited American mothers whose children have bounded, unannounced, into bedroom or dressing-room every afternoon as soon as they returned from school. The mothers took it as a matter of course. So did the children. These same little boys and girls, too, have a way of going to mother's dressing-table drawer when they happen to want a handkerchief or a collar; they pick up her toilet soap and use it; they comb their hair with her comb, brush their clothes with her bonnet-whisk. Their father's toilet accessories they pick up and use with the same lack of respect for individual rights. They are little socialists of the worst kind, living in the belief that all family things are held in common by every member of it. Indeed, very frequently in really nice, well-to-do families the children are not supplied with all the requisites of a proper toilet. Mother brushes and combs their hair with her own comb and brush, wipes their faces with her own towel, allows them to go to her manicure case and use her file and scissors.

"Will you please lend me your brush?" asked a little boy of me one afternoon. I was the guest of his mother for a week-end visit in a beautiful suburb of Chicago, and he stood in my bedroom doorway. "Brush?" I said interrogatively. "What kind of

brush, my dear?" "Hair-brush!" he answered. "Mother's sick with a head-ache, and so I can't go in her room to get it." "How did you lose your own hair-brush?" I asked. "Of course, you have had a nice one of your own?" "Haven't got any brush. Never had one of my own, I guess!" was his answer. He was eight years old, and his father was a professional man with at least eight hundred pounds a year income, and his mother was a gentlewoman and a university graduate with a degree. In England I have never been brought into contact with a child who made a practice of using his mother's hair-brush, except among the poorest classes.

This little American boy who had no hair-brush had a wonderful mechanical bear which played antics all over the drawing-room floor, and must, I am sure, have cost at least four pounds. He had expensive clothes, attractively made. He had a silver watch. His father often gave him three or four shillings to go and spend as he saw fit. The same little boy slept in a room connected with that of his parents by an archway and no door—a room which he had no means of entering or leaving except by passing through their bedroom. The house had several rooms unoccupied. There was no need of crowding; yet this little boy had no proper bedroom, no play-room of his own, no nursery, no chest of drawers in which to keep his own clothes entirely by themselves. His playthings were kept in the hall, or the dining-room, or the drawing-room, or out in the back yard, or in the coal-shed, or in the kitchen—the kitchen from which dozens of cooks departed during a year, and small wonder! What servant wants a child's toys underfoot when she is making that most delicious of American dainties, a chocolate layer-cake? If this little boy had a sister, she, too, would

be a part of the time in the kitchen, trying to wash her dollie's clothes; wanting to help cook stir the pudding batter when poor cook was beside herself preparing the dinner; demanding to be allowed to put a caterpillar under a kitchen tumbler and see it turn into a butterfly, or put a bulb in a cut-glass pickle-jar and watch it develop into a plant. And one could not blame the little girl. She would have rights in the matter of preparing her doll's toilet and the study of natural history and horticulture. But her American parents might not think of providing her with a playroom of her own.

This same little boy and his imaginary sister ought to be invited occasionally to have tea with their mother in the drawing-room, and even to see visitors when they were asked for. I think they might very reasonably have their breakfast and luncheon in the dining-room with mother; but as for a seven-thirty o'clock night dinner, certainly never that for many a long year. But the American child at the night dinner-table is such a frequency that it might almost be said to be the rule. The average American child knows nothing of a good, wholesome six o'clock supper of bread-and-milk or one of those wonderfully nourishing American cereals with some fruit.

But the member of the American family to whom my thoughts turn in greatest sympathy in regard to the lack of privacy and the denial of an opportunity for the cultivation of individuality is the father—he who pays for everything, buys the house with his own earnings or hires it, and yet generally has not so much as a corner that is his very own. It is called "his house." It has many rooms. There are the drawing-room, the living-room, the dining-room, the library. There are numerous bedrooms and dressing-rooms; but if he really desires solitude,

there would seem to be nothing for him but to lock himself up in the bathroom. Sometimes you hear the members of an American family speak of "father's den," to be sure. Why, just before I left America a New York friend, when she was showing me through her new house, said to me, "This is my husband's den," showing me into the sunniest and brightest room in the house. My eyes rested upon antimacassars and tea-cosies, a copy of "Poems of Passion," an embroidery frame, a train of "choo-choo cars," and a box of such American confections as my soul delights in and which no manly man could possibly be seen eating. I looked about for rows of curious pipes, for a horribly dusty and disordered writing-table, a lounging jacket—out at elbows, but, oh! so comfortable after the workaday coat—a copy or two of a sporting paper; but not a sign of such mute witnesses to masculine ownership of that room did I see. "It's the sunniest room in the house," went on that wickedly selfish little American woman, "so the children and I spend a great deal of time here."

I have been shown through other American homes where the husbands had their "own" dressing-rooms, their "own" hanging cupboards, and have noted with surprise the complexion balms, bodkins with pink bébé ribbon ready for running through lace, bonnet-whisks, and cut-glass powder-boxes lying upon the chiffonières along with military brushes and safety razors. "I do believe in separate dressing-rooms and separate dressing-tables, don't you?" the fond wife would gush, and then she would show me her husband's "own hanging cupboard," which, being fitted up with a new kind of patent trousers-stretcher which she found exactly the thing for keeping her skirts in nicest order, she had taken possession of up

to the farthest and darkest corner, where a pathetic and lonely greatcoat might hang on a solitary peg.

There was a time when I thought that perhaps the American man liked all this, or that, at least, he did not mind it; that perhaps the sight of his wife's petticoats hanging among his belongings in his "own cupboard" appealed in some way to his sentimental nature and his sense of romance. But finally I discovered that he permitted himself to be "put upon" merely for the sake of peace and family tranquillity. I found that he really would like his den to himself, just like an Englishman, in all the masculine glory of dust and disorder; that though he loved his wife, there were times when he would prefer to spend his evenings alone in his den without her company; that though he loved his children, he would rather have them safely in bed before seven o'clock than have an evening with them climbing over his tired legs. In short, I found him very like the average English husband and father in this respect. He merely differed in the inability or the lack of determination to set his large foot down squarely and warn intruders off from the invasion of the privacy of his soul.

They have wonderfully comfortable and convenient bath-rooms in the American cities, even in homes of the most moderate rentals. In England people paying rentals of this sort are still using the tin tubs of the grandfather's-chair shape, brought to their bedrooms every morning, and in which they may splash up all the wall-paper. People of this class have not the tiled floor, the porcelain tub, the up-to-date plumbing that one finds in the cheapest flats and houses in American cities. But some of those lovely bath-rooms were to me pathetic witnesses to the lack of privacy of the various members of the family. There would

be rows of tooth-brushes hanging along the walls, rows of towels, rows of other things, showing that it was the family wash-room. Such homes usually have no individual wash-hand stands in each bedroom. They take up room and make work. Or, even if their bedrooms are thus fitted up, the members of the family have formed a habit of running into the bathroom for a wash-up because it is easier and quicker. Of course, I do not now refer to those more luxurious houses where in each bedroom there is a fitted basin with hot and cold running water, but to the more humble homes. To the average outsider who is at all observant the first thought upon visiting the average American home is, "Oh, you have so many delightful things, so many conveniences, so many comforts, how it is you have just this one thing lacking—privacy?"

In America they know little of the old-fashioned "mother's room," the room which has mother's individuality so stamped upon it that all through life the children remember it as being a very part of mother. And father's room? As I have said, he has no room, though there be twenty rooms in the house. All day long, at business, he is in the midst of noisy, hurrying people, clerks and stenographers, and at home there is no diminution of the number of persons who may disturb him. Let him try to get off by himself and lock a door—if he can find a door—and he will be suspected of having a secret sorrow, or, mayhap, a secret sin.

Certainly the American middle-class homes in many ways are more tastefully arranged than the English homes of the same class. Take the American bedroom and the English bedroom, for instance. Who could hesitate between the two for prettiness and convenience? The English idea of a bed-

room is a place to sleep in, bathe in, and get out of as soon as possible. You feel that as soon as you look at it. Its draperies are few, its rugs are simple, its walls are often almost bare, and in the window the dressing-table stands, its ugly wooden back facing the street, flat up against the window, adding nothing to the attractiveness of the house or the street. In America the bedrooms are pretty. Indeed, there seems to be a general desire to make them look as little like bedrooms as possible. Sometimes I think that Americans, down in their hearts, consider a bed an improper piece of furniture, to be hidden away, when possible, in the form of a writing-desk, a wardrobe, or a Turkish divan, and only exhibited for what it really is—a bed—at the last moment before getting into it. But certainly the bedrooms are pretty, and, in a general way of speaking, they seem to belong to nobody in particular.

I have a fancy that after a while the American home may develop into one immense room separated into compartments only by screens—there seems to be such an objection to doors! The American architects plan for a few enough doors in all conscience, but even those they do put up are often taken down off the hinges, stored in the cellar, and replaced with draperies. Once, a few years ago, moving into a beautiful New York flat, I found the previous tenants had done this, and when I asked the janitor to bring the doors from the cellar and re-hang them, he viewed me with suspicion, and asked, "An' so ye be goin' to take boarders, ma'am?" "Boarders!" I exclaimed. "Certainly not!" "Then why do ye want the doors, when draperies is so much more stylish?" he asked.

From the doorlessness of the flat and house of the large American cities is but a step to the fenceless state of the

pretty village homes, into whose lawns and gardens stray chickens, cats, and dogs wander and scratch at will. They make a beautiful sight, these quaintly built houses, one after another, without fence or hedge, the well-kept lawns coming down and joining the pavement along which grow those rows of trees which will ever be the delight of all foreigners who visit the American villages. Truly they are prettier than the hedged-off houses of the English towns, with their garden walls topped with broken bottles to warn away the cats and other marauders. But one wonders how a garden-party could be managed in these very public American village lawns; how a tea-table could be arranged under the trees, and the tea and cakes really be enjoyed with all the rest of the world looking on.

And then the windows with the lights burning! Is there in all America such a ceremony as the "drawing of the blinds," one wonders? There is in England still that antiquated practice of the housemaid going about at twilight holding a lighted taper in one hand as she draws down the blind with the other before she lights the lamps or gas. There is here the horror of having the passing public witness even the "lighting up" of the home. I would certainly do away with the lighted taper habit—it is so apt to set the lace draperies afire; but I hope that the ceremony of the "drawing of the blinds" will last as long as the Englishman's home is his castle. Indeed, it must last just that long. In America sometimes the blinds are drawn, sometimes not—more often not, I think. One may pass dozens of drawing- and dining-rooms in the evening, all brilliantly lighted, the members of the family gathered about the piano or the table, minding not that the curious stranger in the street may peep in. Why, even the young lady

receiving her fiancé in the evening often forgets the drawing of the blinds. Then, even where care is taken to draw the front blinds, there is a shocking amount of thoughtlessness among persons occupying back rooms, in many cases not even the bedroom blinds being drawn when the gas is lighted.

The National Review.

And it all comes back—this lack of privacy in the American home—to a want of doors of one sort or another, doors to shut one's self in and to shut others out, that one may enjoy, at times, the privacy that is the right of every individual soul.

Mary Mortimer Maxwell.

LADY JOHN RUSSELL.*

Lady Agatha Russell, daughter of the English statesman and his wife who are the subjects of this volume, tells the world in her brief preface: "The manuscripts which have supplied the material for a memoir of my mother deal much more fully with the life of my father than with her own life. . . . The greater part of the memoir is written by Mr. Desmond MacCarthy; the political and historical commentary is almost entirely his work. The impartial and independent opinion of one outside the family, both in writing the memoir and in selecting passages from the manuscripts for publication, has been of great value. My grateful thanks are due to His Majesty the King for giving permission to publish letters from Queen Victoria. I am also grateful to friends and relations who have placed letters at my disposal; especially to my brother, whose helpful encouragement throughout the work has been most valuable. . . . My cordial thanks are also due to Mr. George Trevelyan for reading the proof sheets, and to Mr. Frederic Harrison for giving permission to publish his Memorial Address at the end of this volume." I have thought it well to quote the greater part of Lady Agatha's preface at the opening of this article, in order

that the readers of the *Fortnightly Review* may have from the very beginning that clear idea of the materials and the co-operation which the daughter of the Russell house had in the production of her most interesting narrative. I think it right also to add that in cordially agreeing with her as to the value of the assistance rendered to her by Mr. Desmond MacCarthy, I am not taking advantage of an opportunity to offer a tribute, however well merited, to a member of my own family, for there is, I am sorry to say, no family connection between him and me; but I am fortunate in having come into association with him through the medium of his literary companionship with my dear friend of many years, Lady Agatha Russell. In my early days of literary and political life I came into a casual acquaintanceship with Lord John Russell, and had some interesting and memorable conversations with him. When I first had the honor of being presented to his wife, she was then the Countess Russell, and the pair were living at Pembroke Lodge, which had been presented to them by Queen Victoria so long ago as 1847. After I had settled to a London life, in 1860, I had, of course, constant opportunities of hearing Lord John Russell speak in the House of Commons and afterwards in the House of Lords. The story of this volume is mainly told in the letters which passed

* With Selections from her Diaries and Correspondence. Edited by Desmond MacCarthy and Agatha Russell. Methuen and Co., Ltd. London.

between Lord John Russell and his wife. Nowhere that I know of can be found a more living revelation of equal love and more thorough understanding between husband and wife than is found in these letters. The frequent, though short, separations which had to take place between the pair proved to have been of inestimable advantage to the world of the present and the coming time. Lady John Russell's health compelled her to spend as much as she could of her time in the country, and Lord John Russell had often to attend great public meetings in counties and cities, and it was not always or often advisable for him to submit his loved and loving wife to the fatigue of becoming his companion in the double journey. On all these occasions the couple seem to have exchanged by pen and post their affectionate confidences. I do not believe that there can anywhere be found a more authentic, a more convincing, a more complete record of married love, congeniality and consequent happiness than is given to the world in the letters which passed between the husband and the wife, and which are recorded in this volume.

At the present time it may be peculiarly appropriate and interesting to quote the following passages from an entry in the diary of the Countess Russell, dated July 9th, 1893, on the subject of Home Rule for Ireland.

A new policy Home Rule undoubtedly is, a new departure from the "tradition" of any English party; but not a departure from Liberal principles, only a new application of old ones; and I think it is a pity to speak of it as being against Liberal principles, for is there anybody of average intelligence who would not have predicted that if it should ever be adopted by any party it would be by the Liberals? . . . It is the proud distinction of Liberals to grow perpetually, and to march with eyes open, and to discover, as they are

pretty sure to do, that they have not always in the past been true to their principles. There is no case exactly parallel with that of Ireland; but there are some in great measure analogous, and it is the Liberals who have listened to the voice of other countries, some of them our own dependencies, in their national aspirations or their desire for Parliaments of their own, expressed by Constitutional majorities. I admire the Unionists for standing by their own convictions with regard to Home Rule, and have always done so; but I cannot call it "devotion to the Union and to Liberal principles," and I am not aware of there being a single Home Ruler not a Liberal. The Unionists, especially those in Parliament, have been, and are, in a very dangerous position, and have yielded too readily to the temptation of a sudden transference of party loyalty upon almost every question from Liberal to Tory leaders. But for those, whether in or out of Parliament, who have remained Liberals—and I know several such—I don't see why, after Home Rule is carried, they should not be once more merged in the great body of Liberals, and have their chances, like others, of being chosen to serve their country in Parliament and in office.

On some other subjects equally active and pressing just now we find Lady Russell's opinions given with like effectiveness in letters of hers addressed from Pembroke Lodge, December 16th, 1893, to Mrs. Drummond:—

Oh, my dear child, what opinions can poor I give on the almost insoluble problems you put before me? I wish I knew of any book or any man or woman who could tell me whether a Poor Law, even the very best, is on the whole a blessing or a curse, and how the "unemployed" can be chosen out for work of any useful or productive kind without injury to others equally deserving, and what are the just limits of State interference with personal liberty. The House of Lords puzzles me less. I would simply declare it, by Act of the House of Commons, inju-

rious to the best interests of the nation and for ever dissolved. Then it may either show its attachment to the Constitution by giving its assent to its own annihilation, or oblige us to break through the worn-out Constitution and declare its assent unnecessary. It is beyond all bearing that one great measure after another should be delayed, or mutilated, year after year, by such a body, and I chafe and fret inwardly to a painful degree.

Lady Russell may be credited with having possessed something like a prophetic vision with regard to the troubles which the House of Lords was certain to bring upon itself. Up to this time, while the great majority of the Liberals in these islands and in other lands as well were quite convinced that the peers were certain to keep on asserting the privileges they claimed in such a manner as to bring themselves into unceasing quarrels with the House of Commons and the outer public, it did not seem to have occurred to the Radicals in general that the only thing to do with the hereditary chamber was to get rid of it altogether or compel it to submit to a decree of perpetual subordination. For the daughter of one peer and the wife of another, this was certainly a remarkable display of independent opinion and heroic decision.

Lady Russell seems to have had at once a mind, a temperament, an intellect, as well as an inclination which enabled her to find an unflinching interest in every character and in every phase of human life which came under her notice. In the ordinary course of social life or in the study of historical memoirs, just as in the figures we meet in our everyday existence, we find that almost everyone, with whom we happen to come into acquaintanceship, has subjects which especially attract his or her interest, and from which, therefore, he and she cannot easily be prevailed upon to turn away, even for an

hour of casual conversation. Some of the highest intellects have been accompanied by this limitation. We have all known great thinkers and great writers who have of themselves frankly acknowledged, and in some instances have even actually proclaimed their unwillingness to give up time and thought to wholly unfamiliar and therefore, to them uncongenial topics. I have often heard eminent literary men, eminent artists, eminent Members of Parliament, declare that they found it very hard to turn their attention at once to some entirely unfamiliar subject, and would, therefore, rather keep out of the way of this or that exponent of such a theme until it had ceased to be a novelty and had been quietly left in the background. Lady Russell seems to me to have been entirely free from this peculiarity. I have often wondered whether the world, or at least so much of it as she saw in her ordinary daily life brought for her no bores. This was the more remarkable because she was herself so bright, so animated, so vivacious that one would have expected her to seek especially for intercourse with human creatures endowed with similar characteristics. At the same time she had and always made manifest with unflinching sincerity and earnestness her enthusiastic admiration for great human beings and great human productions; she never turned away with indifference or impatience from any topic merely because it was unfamiliar to her, or from any opportunity of making a new acquaintance merely because the proposed new acquaintance was described as being absorbed in some subject utterly unfamiliar to Lady Russell herself. She could pass from grave to gay, from lively to severe, without effort. Many of her friends have told me of instances in which they had been surprised to find how readily Lady Rus-

sell could enter with the most thorough interest into all the details of a controversy on some question which must have been previously utterly unknown to her. It has, however, to be observed that in most such cases the subject was one which allowed her to inform it with suggestions and appeals coming from her own temperament and illumined by her own inspiration. I can hardly believe that Lady Russell could be brought into converse with any sane human creature from whom she would feel compelled to release herself because of the hopeless dulness of the unfamiliar companion.

My rare and casual meetings with Lord John Russell went on for several years before I had the happiness of coming into any actual acquaintance with his wife. When he was in office or when he was in Opposition I had many opportunities of meeting him, and was even a guest with him occasionally at some London social gathering or at some formal Parliamentary festivity. But I began to hear more and more eulogies that were poured out on the gifts and graces, the bounties, the patriotic spirit, and the conjugal devotion of his wife, and I had before very long the happiness of becoming not merely her acquaintance but her friend. But in the meantime was to come about the sad event which sentenced Lady Russell to a world of widowhood. The outer world, indeed, has to read this newly-published volume in order to understand how the love-story of Lord and Lady Russell's married happiness remained a love-story to its very end. This is to be found most vividly expressed in the letters which passed between them, even on the practical details of questions belonging to administrative work.

Some of the most characteristic passages in the story of this volume are to be found in the letters which passed

between the married pair during the days of their best happiness. These are love-letters in the strictest sense, even when they are mainly taken up as an interchange of ideas, of questions and answers, on some present subject of political and administrative importance. Lord Russell is giving to his inquiring wife a full and minute account of the progress which one of his reform measures is making through the House of Commons and the kind of opposition offered to it by this or that political party, and his wife's replies are brimful of encouraging inspiration, and made practical by various suggestions. But the letters are love-letters all the same. They are as evidently love-letters as if they had passed between the hero and heroine of some drama or some romance. I cannot recall to my mind anything in biographical history which affords to us such a striking illustration of the sympathetic working of poetic love and practical companionship as is to be found in these letters of this wedded pair. So the story goes on until we come to the event which changed the whole current of Lady Russell's life, the death of her husband. Lord Russell's death took place at Pembroke Lodge, May 28th, 1878, and I think it well to quote here the letter which his widow received from Queen Victoria:—

Balmoral, May 30th, 1878.

Dear Lady Russell,

It was only yesterday afternoon I learnt through the papers that your dear husband had left this world of sorrows and trials peacefully, and full of years, the night before, or I would have telegraphed or written sooner! You will believe that I truly regret an old friend of forty years' standing, and whose personal kindness in trying and anxious times I shall ever remember. "Lord John," as I knew him best, was one of my first and most distinguished Ministers, and his departure recalls many eventful times. To you, dear

Lady Russell, who were ever one of the most devoted of wives, this must be a terrible blow, though you must have for some time been prepared for it. But one is never prepared for the blow when it comes. And you have had such trials and sorrows of late years that I most truly sympathize with you. Your dear and devoted daughter will, I know, be the greatest possible comfort to you, and I trust that your grandsons will grow up to be all that you could wish.

Believe me always, yours affectionately,

V. R. I.

I think it appropriate to accompany this letter, as Lady Agatha does, with one from the great Tribune of the people at that time, and one of England's greatest orators of any time, John Bright:—

June 1st, 1878.

Dear Lady Russell,

What I particularly observed in the public life of Lord John—you once told me you liked his former name and title—was a moral tone, a conscientious feeling, something higher and better than is often found in the guiding principle of our most active statesmen, and for this I always admired and revered him. His family may learn from him, his country may and will cherish his memory. You alone can tell what you have lost.

Ever very sincerely yours,

John Bright.

Not less characteristic in its way, or less appropriate, is the following letter from Lady Minto:—

June 4th, 1878.

I have been thinking of you all day, and indeed through many hours of the night. I rather wished to hear that the Abbey was to have been his resting-place—but, after all, it matters little, since his abiding-place is in the pages of English history. What none could thoroughly appreciate except those who lived in his intimacy was the perfect simplicity which made him the most easily amused of men, ready to pour out his

stores of anecdote to old and young—to discuss opinions on a level with the most humble of interlocutors, and take pleasure in the commonest forms of pleasantness—a fine day, a bright flower. Nor do I think that the outside world understood from what depth of feeling the tears rose to his eyes when tales of noble conduct or any high sentiment touched some responsive chord—nor how much “poetic fire” lay under that calm, not cold, manner. I remember often going down to you when London was full of some political anger against him—when personalities and bitterness were rife—and returning from you with the feeling of having been in another world, so entire was the absence of such bitterness, so gentle and peaceful were the impressions I carried away.

The compilers of this volume give us, in their chapter headed 1878-98, a very full and interesting account of the manner in which Lady Russell contrived to pass some of the years which followed the close of her married life. I may quote here some of the opening passages of this chapter:—

From the time of Lord Russell's death in May, 1878, till 1890 she kept no diary, but not long before her death she wrote to her children a few recollections of some of the events during those twelve years. . . . In the summer of 1883 her son Rollo bought a place—Dunrozel—near Haslemere, and from this time till 1891 Lady Russell spent a few months every year at Dunrozel. In 1891 and 1892 she took a house on Hindhead—some miles from Haslemere—for a few months. She enjoyed and loved the beautiful wild heather country, which reminded her of Scotland, but after 1892 she felt that home was best for her, and never again left Pembroke Lodge.

I feel bound, for the sake of my readers, to quote some further passages from this very interesting chapter:—

Lady Russell had sometimes thought that when days of leisure came, she

would give some of her time to literary work, and write reminiscences of the many interesting men and women she had known and the stirring events she had lived through; but the unexpected and dally cares and duties which came upon her made it impossible. She was one who would never neglect the living needs of those around her, and she gave her time and thoughts to the care of her grandchildren with glad and loving devotion. . . . Lady Russell's letters will show that her interest in politics remained as keen as ever to the end; and she eagerly watched the changes which affected Ireland. . . . There is a side of Lady Russell's mind which her letters do not adequately represent. She was a great reader, and in her letters (written off with surprising rapidity) she does not often say much about the books she was so fond of discussing in talk. Among novelists, Sir Walter Scott was, perhaps, the one she read most often; Jane Austen, too, was a favorite; but she also much enjoyed many of the later novelists, especially Charles Dickens and George Eliot. In poetry her taste was in some respects the taste of an earlier generation; she could not join, for instance, in the depreciation of Byron, nor could she sympathize with the unbounded admiration for Keats which she met with among the young. Milton, Cowper, Burns, Byron, and Longfellow were among those oftenest read, but Shakespeare always remained supreme, and as the years went by her wonder and admiration seemed only to grow stronger and deeper with every fresh reading of his greatest plays; and the intervals without some Shakespeare reading, either aloud or to herself, were short and rare. She had not an intimate knowledge of Shelley, but in the later years of her life she became deeply impressed by the beauty and the music of his poetry, which she liked best to hear read aloud. Tennyson she loved, and latterly also Browning, with protests against his obscurity and his occasionally most unmusical English. The inspiration of his brave and optimistic philosophy she felt strongly. She was extremely fond of

reading Dante, and she was better acquainted with German and Italian poetry than most cultivated women. . . . Among the earliest friends of Lord and Lady John Russell were Sydney Smith, Thomas Moore, and Macaulay. . . . In later years, Thackeray and Charles Dickens were welcome guests, and the cordial friendship between Lord and Lady John and Dickens lasted till his death in 1870. Dickens said, in a speech at Liverpool in 1869, that "there was no man in England whom he respected more in his public capacity, loved more in his private capacity, or from whom he had received more remarkable proofs of his honor and love of literature, than Lord John Russell."

My readers will easily understand why I feel bound to quote at the present moment the following characteristic letter dated June 10th, 1886, "during the strife and heat of the controversy on Home Rule," received by Lady Russell from William Ewart Gladstone:—

10 Downing Street, Whitehall,
June 10th, 1886.

My dear Lady Russell,

I am not less gratified than touched by your most acceptable note. It is most kind in you personally to give me, at a critical time, the assurance of your sympathy and approval. And I value it as a reflected indication of what would, I believe, have been the course, had he been still among us, of one who was the truest disciple of Mr. Fox, and was like him ever forward in the cause of Ireland, a right handling of which he knew lay at the root of all sound and truly Imperial policy. It was the more kind of you to write at a time when domestic trial has been lying heavily upon you. Believe me,

Very sincerely yours,
W. E. Gladstone.

After a time Lady Russell began to receive her friends again, while she remained a constant resident of Pembroke Lodge. There she appointed certain days in each week when the

friends to whom she gave a general invitation were always free to visit her. I was one of those who had the honor of such a welcome, and it was to me always a happy opportunity to avail myself of the privilege. Of the many subjects of which we talked during my visits there were, of course, the great political questions, in which she took a deep and never fluctuating interest, but her tendencies and her tastes ranged over a vast variety of topics, and she was always anxious to make closer acquaintance with those concerning which she had previously little opportunity of becoming instructed. She had in what seemed to me a marvellous degree the gift of companionship, and she always appeared as if she were encouraging each human being with whom she held converse to give out to her all that he or she had to tell on some subject with which Lady Russell herself was but slenderly acquainted, and yet this anxiety was expressed in the most gentle and easy manner, kindly and sympathetically inviting, but never insisting or exacting. I have always felt convinced that if she had had the opportunity of devoting herself altogether to the field of English literature she might easily have become a great power in that region. But she was absolutely devoted to her companionship with her husband, and she knew well how much he looked to her for advice in times of administrative and political difficulties, and even the charms of literature could not win her to withdraw any of her attention from her husband's pursuits.

This volume is enriched by a very liberal and delightful contribution of Lady Russell's own letters and of those which called them forth or were written in reply to them by friends and acquaintances, at home and abroad, bearing names well known to all the civilized world, and others whose

names had not yet begun to impress themselves on the public attention, and whom, therefore, Lady Russell may be regarded as having discovered. A letter of hers written August 30th, 1870, to her sister, Lady Dunfermline, contains some passages, concerning peace and arbitration, which bear a living interest at the present day, and which, therefore, I transfer to these pages. "Poor Paris! You may well say we must be sorry for it, having so lately seen it in all its gay spring beauty—and though, no doubt, the surface, which is all we saw of its inhabitants, is better than the groundwork, how much of good and great it contains! How the best Frenchmen everywhere, and the best Parisians in particular, must grieve over the deep corruption which has done much to bring their country to its present dreary prospects. I do not mean that any mediation or interference of other Powers would have prevented this war, but that there ought by this time to be a substitute found for all war." Then a letter addressed to her son Rollo on a very different subject during the same year gives us a living picture of her in one of her characteristic moods:—

Your letter is so interesting and raises so many serious thoughts, that I should like to answer it as it deserves, but can't do so to-day as I am obliged to go to London on business, and have hardly a moment. The kind of "gigantic brains" which you mention are, I agree with you, often repulsive—there is a harshness of dissent from all that mankind most values, all that has raised them above this earth, which cannot be right—which is the result of deficiency in some part of their minds or hearts or both, and not of excess of intellect or any other good thing. If they are right in their contempt of Christian faith and hope, or of all other spiritual faith and hope, they ought to be "of all men most miserable"; but they are apt to reject

Christian charity, too, and to dance on the ruins of all that has hitherto sustained their fellow-creatures in a world of sin and sorrow. That they are not right, but woefully wrong, I firmly believe, and happily, many and many a noble intellect and great heart, which have not shrunk from searching into the mysteries of life and death with all the powers and all the love of truth given them by God to be used, not to lie dormant or merely receive what other men teach, have risen from the search with a firmer faith than before in Christ and in the immortality which he brought to light. I believe that many of those who deem themselves sceptics or atheists retain, after all, enough of the divine element within them practically to refute their own words.

The Fortnightly Review.

My readers will, I think, easily understand why I have devoted so much of the space accorded to me by the *Fortnightly Review* to quotations from Lady Russell's correspondence. In no other way could I have so well illustrated the peculiar value of the volume just published and of the success with which those who compiled it have been enabled to make it to a great extent not merely a biography, but an autobiography. The whole of the correspondence was, of course, put into the hands of Lady Russell's daughter, Lady Agatha Russell, and the latter has made the most effective use of the treasure confided to her care. The volume is not merely a gift to a people, but is a gift, a bequest, to history.

Justin McCarthy.

THE WILD HEART.

BY M. E. FRANCIS (*Mrs. Francis Blundell*).

CHAPTER XXVII.

One September afternoon Keeper Meatyard descried a woman's figure standing half hidden in the undergrowth of the border of Holl Wood. Her eyes were fixed on the undulating sweep of downs which formed part of Strange's sheep farm, and she was so completely absorbed in her own thoughts that she did not hear his approach.

When she turned in answer to his rough query as to what she was doing there, he recognized the widow of his former subordinate.

"Oh, 'tis you, is it, Mrs. West?" he asked more mildly.

"It's me, Mr. Meatyard. I'm keeping quite close to the edge of the wood, so I don't think I can be doin' any harm."

"O' course not," rejoined the keeper politely. "I'm sure if anybody has a right to walk hereabouts 'tis you. But I've been a bit put about lately—

it do seem to I there's trespassin' goin' on, an' poachin' too—an' yet I can't lay my hand on the parties—though I mid ha' my suspicions," he added darkly.

Martha's eyes again wandered towards the direction in which "Strange's" was situated, and the keeper, as if divining her thoughts, nodded.

Even as they gazed, two shapes were seen to mount the furze-grown shoulder of the opposite slope, and presently a man and a dog emerged into the open space. Unconscious that their doings were witnessed by two pairs of unfriendly eyes, man and beast began to perform a series of strange evolutions. Running together with incredible speed, neck and neck as it seemed, wheeling, doubling, then bounding forward again; now the dog, outstripping his master, was carried as it were by its own impetus out of sight, then in answer to his whis-

tle reappeared, sweeping round and round with limbs extended and neck outstretched; then they were running together once more. The man throughout directed the dog by voice and gesture. Presently they disappeared behind a clump of gorse bushes.

"Queer doin's for a sheep farmer," remarked the keeper, "an' that's a queer dog for a sheep farmer to keep. But he's on his own ground, an' I can't say nothin' to en wi'out he crosses the boundary."

"Don't say anything to him," cried Martha, turning to him suddenly. "Take my advice an' lie low for a bit an' watch—then you'll have him."

"He could hardly be such a fool as to go poachin' wi' that dog," ruminated Keeper Meatyard; "yet to look at en ye'd think he was practisin' for summat. He do seem to be trainin' the dog to run, don't he, an' himself too? My word, if 'twas a case o' runnin' for it, I wouldn't say but what thik chap 'ud get away from man or horse. Did ye ever see sich a runner? The only chap what I ever knowed as could come near him for pace was David Chant."

"David Chant!" echoed Martha.

The blood rushed to her face and then fled away, leaving her ghastly. She staggered and leaned against a tree to support herself.

"I'm sure I beg your pardon, Mrs. West," cried the keeper remorsefully. "I never ought to ha' mentioned that name in your hearin', but really for the moment I forgot how the sound on't 'ud be likely to upset ye."

"Oh—it's all right," she rejoined faintly.

She gazed fixedly at the opposite slope, her lips moving but making no sound; presently, drawing her handkerchief from her pocket, she wiped her moist brow.

"I think I'll go home now," she said, beginning to move away.

The keeper stood looking after her, still remorsefully.

"Poor soul," he muttered to himself. "Well, there, she've never got over the loss of Dick West, whatever folks mid say about her takin' up wi' young Strange. 'Tis plain to be seen her heart's in the poor lad's grave."

Martha hastened down the lane with throbbing pulses and swimming head.

David Chant! David Chant!

Could he, who had begged for death rather than imprisonment, and who had encompassed his escape from Portland with so much difficulty, again deliberately expose his precious liberty to such imminent danger? No man in his senses could ever be so audacious as to return to the very scene of the crime, actually to take up his abode within a stone's throw of the spot reddened with the blood of his victim. Surely it was impossible. No man living could be so cold-blooded or so foolhardy.

All at once she stopped short in her rapid downward march; her quickly working brain had recalled the existence of Tamsine Strange, and the words which the girl had spoken on her wedding day now seemed to ring in her ears.

"'Tis that what do make me feel so proud an' so joyful—that you should never ha' loved any woman but me!"

Here, perhaps, was the key to the enigma! Tamsine and David had met and loved each other before his ostensible wooing. It was Tamsine whose image he had carried in his heart, whose memory through years of absence had blotted out for him the whole world of womankind. It was for her that he had dared all risks—so that she were his own he was content to pass his days with a sword hanging over his head.

Martha flung herself down on the mossy border of the lane the better to

think, to follow up link by link the chain of evidence which seemed to point out that Jack Davidge and David Chant, the slayer of her husband, were one and the same.

On leaving his ship David had made his way straight to Strange's—an out-of-the-way place. Tamsine, who since her establishment at the farm had hitherto held herself aloof (a fact in itself peculiar) from all rustic wooers, had at once apparently lost her heart to this stranger. It might have been a settled thing, long planned, and the wedding which had seemed so hasty, the fulfilment of an old promise.

As Martha thought upon these things she ground her teeth. She recalled the active figure running and leaping just now on the sunlit slope with a passion of fury which turned her positively sick. He carried on these antics under her very eyes, under the eyes of the woman whom he had doubly wronged, as she told herself. If David's imagined fickleness had seemed hard to bear, his fidelity was a thousand times more unendurable. He had never loved any woman but Tamsine, but it was for his sake that Martha, in a few weeks, had put away Dick's memory.

"Oh, if I can catch him!" she groaned to herself.

If she could prove David's identity, vengeance was hers: a twofold vengeance to repay her double injury. Tamsine should lose her felon husband. David should forfeit his dearly-bought freedom.

But she must be sure; she must make no mistake, lest instead of encompassing their destruction she should place her would-be victim in a position to laugh at her impotent malice.

That Bible of Davidge's! It might perhaps be identified. At the time when she had examined it its appearance presented something that was familiar. Where had she seen such an

other squat volume with marbled edges and gaudy binding? If she tried she could surely remember.

Not in her own home, of course, nor in any of the houses where she had been servant before her marriage. Perhaps somebody for whom she had recently worked possessed such a book. She must think. With her head sunk in her hands she pondered, running over in her mind the different places where, since her widowhood, she had gone to help with the housework or to do sewing.

She seemed to see a similar book lying on a small table surmounted by a pair of spectacles. As the recollection came to her she recalled simultaneously the smell of hot coffee, and suddenly threw back her head with a muffled cry.

The Vicarage! When she had undertaken to do some mending for Mr. Ashley's housekeeper last year she had noticed just such a Bible lying on a little table in her private sanctum. That good woman had called her in one day and treated her to a cup of the vicar's own special coffee, and it was while waiting for this to be prepared that Martha had noticed the book, the showy binding attracting her eye.

She had taken it up, examined it, and laid it down again, disappointed on discovering that it was no volume of tales or poetry.

She rose quickly now, shaking out the folds of her dress and smoothing back her hair under her hat; she would go to the vicarage at once.

Mrs. Price, the vicar's housekeeper, was just finishing tea, and invited Martha to join her. Though the widow thought it polite to comply, every morsel seemed to choke her, and she could hardly listen in patience to the good woman's gossiping talk. At the conclusion of the meal she said hurriedly:—

"I really stepped in to ask you a

favor. My aunt's birthday 'ull be comin' round soon, an' I want to make her a present. I was thinkin' of givin' her a Bible like the handsome one I saw in your room last year. Could you let me have a look at it again?"

"To be sure, my dear," returned Mrs. Price, rising with alacrity, "but I don't know if you'll be able to get one like it. 'Twas Master gave it to me. He used to keep a good many like it at one time, an' give 'em away for prizes at the school up yonder."

"What school?" gasped Martha, thankful that the other's back was already turned as she proceeded to the adjoining room.

"Why, the Industrial School up at Chudbury Marshall," rejoined Mrs. Price carelessly.

Martha bit her lip to restrain herself from crying out, and made a determined effort to preserve her self-control.

The Industrial School at Chudbury Marshall! It was there that David Chant had received his early education!

"Here it is," said Mrs. Price, returning from the next room, Bible in hand.

Yes, there were the red and gold binding, the marbled edges and inner covering. Inside the cover was a label bearing Mrs. Price's name and the date when the book had come into her possession.

"When Mr. Ashley gives these books away at the school as prizes, the name of the scholar is wrote there," Mrs. Price explained, "and first prize or second prize or whatever it mid be. If I'd let en he was for putting 'first prize for general good conduct' in this one o' mine, as a sort of joke, but I felt bashful-like and begged him not to."

Martha scarcely heard her; she was measuring the label with her eye, and it seemed to her that the fragment ad-

hering to the inner cover of the book which she had extracted from David's chest was of similar size.

She now grasped firmly a very solid link in the chain which she was endeavoring to piece together.

She went away as soon as she could withdraw herself from Mrs. Price's hospitable desire for her company, and almost fled home, where she locked herself in her bed-room and there pored over a much-fingered paper which she extracted from her writing-desk. It was the handbill which had been circulated by the police when the convict David Chant had escaped from Portland.

"Dark hair and eyes," she murmured to herself, "clean shaven—Well, any man of his years might grow a beard. That's not what I want! Ah—here. 'Tattooed on the right forearm with a design of two crossed flags and an anchor'—we ought to get him that way."

She locked up the paper again and meditated for a long time, then hearing Sam's step downstairs, she descended to the kitchen.

"Do ye ever come across your sister now?" she asked abruptly.

"Well, I met her in Chudbury the other day," returned Sam, somewhat astonished. "Then I did tell her I'd not have nothin' to say to her."

"Did she want to be friends, then?" resumed Martha.

"Yes, she had the impudence to twite me for not comin' to see her—she said 'twas my fault us bein' out wi' each other. An' she'd be very glad if I'd come up to Strange's now an' then, but as I did tell her, 'tisn't very likely I'd care to do that."

"Well, then, I think you made a mistake there," returned Martha sharply. "I tell ye plainly, I'll not enter any family where I'm not made welcome—"

"Well, that's just why—" Sam was beginning, when she interrupted him.

"If you go up to see her as she asks you, and get friendly again, she'll be friendly with me in time."

"Oh," said Sam dubiously, "but 'twas along o' —"

"Never mind that now," cried Martha quickly; "do as she asks you. Go and see her—when can you go and see her?"

"Why, I mid get a day off, I suppose. I can't get away from the Cup o' Genuine in the evenin'."

"The day after to-morrow," said Martha, half to herself. "Well, go and see her then, and tell me how you think they're getting on up there."

"It do go a bit again' the grain wi' me," owned Sam. "When I do say a thing I do like to stick to it."

"I tell you," said Martha, stamping her foot, "you're acting by my wish, and you've said often enough my wish is law to you. If you can get round your family perhaps you can get round me."

And thereupon Martha granted him one of her rare and inscrutable smiles.

Just before Sam started for his uncongenial expedition Mrs. West waylaid him in the garden.

"There's one thing I want you to do," she said quickly. "I want you to talk a bit with Davidge and find out what he's made of. I've a kind of a notion there's something queer about him."

"I don't care much for talkin' to one or t'other of 'em," said Sam sulkily. "I can't forget him sidin' again' me for you, but I'll talk to him if you be set on it."

Martha scarcely appeared to heed what he said, though she was looking at him fixedly.

"Ask him about his family, and where he lived before he went to sea," she continued; "and I want you to look at his right arm."

"What's that?" ejaculated Sam, staring at her.

"I tell you," said Martha, "I want

you to look at his arm—the inside of it, between his wrist and his elbow—and tell me what you see there when you come back. Don't say I asked you to do this, but just *do* it."

"Well, I'm dallied!" exclaimed Sam; "I can't think for the life of me whatever you be up to. And how on earth am I to see the man's arm through his coat and shirt sleeve?"

"You must get him to take off his coat and roll back his shirt sleeve," rejoined the widow impatiently. "My goodness, it ought to be easy enough. Get him to measure wrists with you or some such thing. Mind you take notice if he says anything queer."

"It do seem to me as you're bent on making a fool o' me," said young Sam gloomily.

Martha, who had been moving away, returned.

"Sam," she said, "if you'll do this for me, I'll let you do what I've never allowed before."

"What! You'll let I gie ye a kiss?" cried Sam almost incredulously, for throughout his seeming courtship Martha had been careful to keep him at arm's length.

She nodded.

"But see that you make no mistake," she commanded.

"You mid be sure I won't," rejoined the lad gazing at her amorously.

Martha watched for his return from her window, frowning as she presently saw him appear, not on foot, but seated beside his sister in her gig. The horse pulled up at the corner of the lane, and Sam having alighted, Tamsine drove on towards the village proper. Then Martha flew downstairs, almost colliding with the boyish sturdy figure as it came up the garden path.

"Well?" she cried, breathlessly.

"Well, it passed off all right," said Sam. "Tamsine was just about pleased—arter all, as she did say, 'Blood's thicker nor water.' Tamsine

an' me be pretty nigh of an age, an' we did use to be the best o' friends. She did drive I so far as the carner."

"Oh, bother! Who cares about that?" interrupted Martha. "Did you do what I told you about the man?"

"Yes, but I couldn't get much out o' he. He said it was so long since he were a boy-chap he couldn't remember much about where he lived afore he went to sea."

"But did you look at his arm?"

"Yes. By the greatest chance in life there were two or three wasps flyin' about the room, an' I made a pretence there was one up his sleeve. He wasn't wearin' no coat, an' I just made a grab at his arm an' tore open the cuff of his shirt, callin' out that I see'd a wasp crawlin' up it."

"Well?"

Martha's voice was almost inarticulate.

"Well, I think you must be almost a witch. There was a queer kind o' a mark on his arm jist where you did think. Two flags an' a anchor. 'Twas tattooed, he did say, by one o' his friends. 'Tis a common practice, he did tell me, among sailor folk. Now then, Martha, for my reward."

Martha had been steadying herself against the gate-post; her face was flushed and the young lover thought she had never looked so handsome.

"Wait a bit," she said, throwing out her hand. "Davidge didn't mind your seeing that mark, I suppose?"

"No, he seemed quite amused."

"Amused! And your sister?"

"Well, I didn't chance to look at she. O' course she must ha' knowed 'twas there—'twouldn't be no surprise to she."

"Oh, you fool!" cried Martha; "you should have looked at her face, you should have noticed what she said."

"Come, now, I'm not goin' to be treated this way," announced Sam with sulky ire. "I've spent my holiday arternoon trapesin' off where I

didn't want to go, an' doin' what I didn't want to, an' now I do want to be paid for it."

"Here, then, take your payment."

She stood quite still while he timidly approached, and submitted to his embrace with so scornful an expression that Sam did not seek to prolong this love passage.

"If that's the sort o' face you do make when I do kiss ye, I'd as soon leave ye alone," he remarked, and vaulting over the gate he strode away in the direction of the inn.

Martha heard the words without attending to their import. After all, it was perhaps as well that Sam was not sharp enough to divine the object of the curious task she had set him to perform. Perhaps if he had noted the expression of Tamsine's face his own suspicions might have been aroused, and if he had commented thereon David himself might have taken the alarm. As it was, thinking the question merely an idle one, and observing that the boy was quite satisfied with his answer, any passing pang of anxiety which he might have felt would be lulled to rest, and he himself would make no attempt to escape before Martha had delivered him up to his captors. She meant to set the necessary machinery in motion at once. All that afternoon, while she had been waiting the return of her emissary, she had been planning the steps she would take should her surmise prove correct.

The village policeman would be sure to blunder if entrusted with so delicate a task, and she felt no great confidence in the powers of the small force at Branston. Were David to get wind of the threatened danger, or the slightest error made in the important undertaking, he would slip through their fingers as he had done before.

She had recently read the description of the capture of an escaped prisoner in a neighboring county, and had

taken note that the Chief Constable had directed the proceedings.

She, too, would apply to headquarters, and make sure that a sufficient number of men were sent to surround the culprit's dwelling and render escape impossible.

Going indoors, therefore, she wrote a letter to the Chief Constable of Dorset, setting forth in plain language her reasons for believing that the convict, David Chant, was living in close proximity to the place where he had killed her husband, and begging that he might be taken into custody without delay. She gave his assumed name and described the place where he was living, volunteering to act as guide, should there be any difficulty in identifying the spot. This letter she posted with her own hands, and then, having nothing more to do, awaited events in feverish expectation.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Tamsine, who had an errand at Chudbury, had, as has been seen, driven Sam back in the gig; her family affections were very strong, and she had been pleased at his seeming willingness to make overtures. Though she had been momentarily terrified at Sam's discovery of the tell-tale tattoo mark, David had retained so imperturbable an attitude, and the lad himself had so evidently failed to identify him, that she breathed freely again, and in her gratitude for her husband's escape from what might have proved a danger was the more closely drawn to her brother. He had not mentioned the widow West, and she half hoped that his fancy for her had waned; yet even if such were not the case she might in the softness of her heart have brought herself to plead his cause with her parents.

It was after dusk when she returned, and she was surprised not to find her husband awaiting her in the yard.

"David," she called, "aren't ye comin' to put away the horse? David!"

At this repetition of the call, an answer came from within doors, and immediately the clatter of his feet sounded on the wooden stairs and he came running out. As he extended his hand to help her to descend, the light of the gig lamp fell on it, and she uttered an exclamation.

"What's that upon your hand?—it looks like blood."

He had momentarily hidden the hand behind his back, but he now laughed and stretched it out again, spreading out the fingers and turning them about in the light.

"It does look like it, but it's nothin' o' the kind. It's but rust."

"Rust! I didn't think there was anythin' rusty in our house."

He made no answer, but, taking her arm, helped her to get down, then led away the horse to the stable.

Tamsine went upstairs cogitating.

A dim light proceeded from the big attic, and instead of entering her own room she turned her steps thither. A flat candlestick was standing on a rickety table in the corner, and on this table a gun was lying, together with oil in a saucer, sundry stained rags, and a bundle of tow. Ramrod and cleaning-rod lay side by side, the latter surmounted by a greasy wisp of the last named substance. David's recent occupation could be readily divined. Taking up the candle, she examined the gun more closely. It was, as she had feared, the identical weapon which had played so sinister a part in their history.

After Uncle Cosh's death Tamsine had banished it to the attic, being only deterred from doing away with it altogether by her too scrupulous obedience to his decree that she was not to part with anything bequeathed to her.

For what purpose was David med-

dling with it now? How did he dare—How was it possible that he could have brought himself to touch it?

When she came downstairs she heard him whistling to himself as he washed his hands at the sink, and called to him. He came in still whistling as he wiped his hands.

"What's the matter?" he asked. "How solemn you do look!"

"Oh, David," she said, "what can you be thinkin' of? How could you have the heart to lay a finger on that gun?"

His expression changed quickly, becoming almost sullen.

"Well, I'd sooner ha' fingered any other," he rejoined doggedly. "But you made such a point o' me promisin' not to buy one."

"That's true, o' course. I did—oh, David, hasn't misery enough come o' meddlin' w' guns? You said you could make yourself content here w' me. You promised to try an' settle down."

"Well, an' so I have tried," he interrupted vehemently. "I've gone so steady as I could in harness, but the best horse 'ull kick over the traces now an' then."

"If you could only take a likin' to your work," pleaded Tamsine almost tearfully; "if you could keep to it more reg'lar. You know, David, even father an' mother have heard about the way you do knock off in the middle sometimes for no reason. I do feel ashamed for folks to think ye idle."

David tossed away the towel, and came up to her, seizing her hands in his, which were still cold after their recent ablutions.

"So you're not satisfied w' your husband, Tamsine?" he said. "You know I told ye from the first I wasn't good enough for ye."

"Oh, David, don't say such things," exclaimed Tamsine. "You know how dear I love you. I could never, never ha' loved any one so dear as I love

you. An' I know that you love me, an' I trust you, David."

He pressed her hands gently and loosed them.

"I wish I could be more worthy o' your trust," he said. "But there's times summat seems to break loose inside o' me, an' then I can't answer for myself. While I was out workin' w' shepherd to-day, I thought o' that gun standing in the corner yonder, an' I could see the rust on the barrel an' the stock covered w' dirt, but all the same the longin' come to me to have it i' my hand, an' at last I just threw down my prong an' jumped over the nearest hurdle an' cut away home, an' I could ha' sung for joy when I did catch hold of it."

"Sung for joy! Oh, David, when it was thik very gun what —"

"I didn't let myself think o' that. As you must know by this time, Tamsine, I do never let sad or troublesome thoughts bother me—I do put 'em away."

"Well, for my sake, put the gun away," said Tamsine; "put it right out o' sight, or let me do it. Isn't my love enough—can't ye make yourself happy as we did use to dream o' bein' happy, w' just bein' together?"

He gave a little sigh that was half remorseful and half impatient, and then began to question her about the events of the day. Though neither again reverted to the subject, Tamsine remained heavy at heart, and lay awake long that night, watching the moonlight fall upon the whitewashed wall and creep upward to the sloping ceiling.

She fell at length into a troubled doze, from which she was suddenly awakened. The place by her side was empty and the door was open.

"David!" she cried, sitting up, almost startled by the shrill anguish of her own voice.

No answer came, but there was a

sound of some one moving in the attic and in an instant she had flung herself out of bed and hastened thither, walking noiselessly in her bare feet. He was standing by the open window fully dressed, and she could see his eyes gleaming in the brilliant moonlight. He did not, however, glance toward her, and the thought came to her that he might be walking in his sleep. As she paused aghast in the doorway, the crow of a pheasant sounded from the distant woods.

"Hark!" cried David, putting up one hand, while his teeth flashed out in a smile that was almost ecstatic.

He seemed to listen again, and Tamsine listened too, though at first the tumultuous beating of her own heart seemed to drown every other sound; but presently she was conscious of the innumerable voices of the night, the sighing of small currents of air, rustlings and stirrings among trees and hedges, the call of night birds, even the stamp of a hare on the resonant soil of the downs; then borne on a passing breeze the tossing and creaking of boughs.

"The woods are calling me," said David, and he made a quick step away from the window. Tamsine, rushing towards him, intercepted his progress to the door.

"David, you must go back to bed," she said very distinctly; "'tis the middle o' the night still—not near time to get up yet. You've been walkin' in your sleep."

"No, no; I'm wide awake, little wife," said David. "The wood woke me up; the wood called me—it's callin' now."

Once again came the pheasant's crow, unnaturally loud in the stillness.

"Summat's disturbed that chap," resumed David, laughing as quietly as though it were broad day. "Him an'

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his mates 'ull be sittin' croopied on one o' the boughs o' the yew tree, wi' the moon shinin' on their feathers."

"Nay, nay," said Tamsine, tremulously; "it 'ull do ye no good to be thinkin' o' they things, David. Come back to the window a minute. Look out at the stack yonder. It do stand in the same place where the wold 'un stood the night you lay out, a hunted man. Oh, Davy, think o' that—think o' what you felt that night. Think o' me, as you so often thought, kneelin' an' prayin'—as I pray now, as I pray now."

She fell upon her knees, and he saw her tears shining in the moonlight. She extended her clasped, trembling hands towards him, and he took them in his own.

"Oh, I pray that you mayn't give way," she sobbed. "I pray God"—her voice became inarticulate.

Yet indeed she was praying less to the beneficent Power on whose help she had learned to rely than to the wayward man whose impulses she feared.

Then once again a little quiet treacherous air stole into the room, bringing with it the tempting fragrance of the night and simultaneously the scarcely perceptible sound of light, hurrying, feet. Cantering up the shoulder of the down from the cultivated field below came the agile form of a roebuck, the brilliant moonlight shining on the surface of his antlers; two little does followed. On reaching the summit they paused for a moment and then bounded towards the wood.

"I must go!" cried David.

Swiftly he put Tamsine from him, and catching up the gun, flew downstairs and out of the house, whistling to the dog as he went.

In another second the two flying figures vanished over the silvery edge of the down.

(To be concluded.)

THE RATIONALE OF SPIRITUAL HEALING.

There is, perhaps, no more striking and suggestive sign of the times than the attention which is being given both by religious and scientific men to the question of curing bodily ills by spiritual methods. To speak of our own country only; at the Pan-Anglican Congress in 1908 it was discussed as a matter of great and practical interest which has increased during the three years that have since elapsed, and has resulted in definite attempts to restore methods of spiritual healing among members of the Church of England. The formation of the Church and Medical Union, in which medical men and clergy are associated with the object of bringing relief and healing to sufferers from physical diseases, indicates that the medical profession and the Church at large have awakened to a sense of their duty and responsibility in this matter, a fact strongly emphasized by the devotion of nearly fifty pages of *The British Medical Journal*, in its issue of June 18th, 1910, to a discussion invited by the editor on "Faith Healing." In which several of the most eminent physicians and surgeons of the day took part. Finally, a conference on Spiritual Healing (the third annual meeting of the kind) was held in the same month at the Kensington Town Hall. Among the speakers were physicians, clergy and prominent laymen, and they addressed a large and interested audience. The present age is nothing if not practical, and it would be an act of folly not to recognize that all these facts, and others of a similar nature which could be adduced,—for example, the large and increasing amount of popular literature on the subject,—indicate something more important than a mere speculative interest in a passing enthusiasm. The object of the present essay is to in-

quire into the significance of phenomena which no one denies, but which are still very variously interpreted.

It is obvious that spiritual healing, if, indeed, it exists, necessarily implies the recognition of man as a spiritual being. It is not the same thing as mental healing, which requires no such implication, and which may be exercised by and upon persons wholly agnostic, or even sceptical as to the existence of spirit at all. Mental therapeutics is an acknowledged branch of medical science, and though several of the eminent participants in the discussion in *The British Medical Journal*, already referred to, animadverted somewhat bitterly on the fact that it as yet forms no part of the recognized curriculum for students of the profession in England, they at the same time asserted that there was a growing sense of the necessity for its so doing. Several seemed to think that all cases of healing not due to physical remedies, or to the curative activity of Nature, must be classed as mental. Others, notably Sir Clifford Allbutt, Regius Professor of Physic at the University of Cambridge, differed, holding that when every other cause of cure had been carefully considered and for sufficient reason dismissed, spiritual power might be awarded the credit. In his dispassionate and carefully guarded statement, however, there occurs a sentence fraught with such far-reaching significance that an exhaustive consideration of it would lead us far into the rationale of spiritual healing. "Probably no limb, no viscus, is so far a vessel of dishonor as to lie wholly outside the renewals of the spirit." To recognize this is to recognize that spirit is supreme, that if it fails in its renewals, this is due not to its own impotence to affect natural

organs and natural capacities, but to the impotence of the latter to be so affected, and in such a case, the matter of first importance is to inquire why there should be this lack of natural response to spiritual methods.

It is obvious that in order even to understand the scope of the inquiry, we must needs enter into some preliminary considerations on the general relation between the spiritual and the natural, and though in the brief compass of a single article, they must necessarily be strictly limited, the writer hopes to make clear that the question of spiritual healing is only one branch of this larger and more fundamental subject.

There are many persons who seem to find a difficulty in forming a clear notion of the difference between mind and spirit. The writer has herself frequently been asked how it is possible to make any practical distinction between them. In order to do so, it is necessary to bear in mind that the planetary environment of man is not exhaustive. It comprises only some of the conditions of his existence. He holds a definite relation not only to the earth which is the scene of his life-history, but also to the universe of which the earth and the system to which it belongs are intrinsic parts, and to the creative and sustaining Principle through which that universe and all its conditions came into being. So much as this the most thorough-going agnostics would allow, as also the fact that so far as can be ascertained, man is the only being on earth aware of this vaster environment, or who is desirous of entering into more conscious relation with it. It is the possibility of attaining this desire upon which they would join issue with their fellows of all religions in all ages. These have unanimously declared not only that they desire, but that they do enter into that

definite and conscious communion with the Source and Sustenance of their and of all existence which agnostics avow to be unattainable, unless that vague sentiment which they name "cosmic emotion," and which may be awakened in the most sceptical, be regarded as such. It does, indeed, show that man can be influenced not merely by Nature, but by That of which Nature is the expression, which constitutes its true significance, and to which something in him makes deep, though it may be dumb, response. It is this something which is the spiritual or cosmic element in him, which reaches out towards an experience more fundamental than that of his ordinary life and environment, a knowledge more radical and intimate than science at her highest development can supply, because though science takes her stand upon, she does not enter into the heart of the facts with which she deals. Their essential nature, their inmost reality, are a closed book to her. The discursive reason upon which man has prided himself as a God-like faculty is just the measure of his blindness towards all save his planetary relationships and environment.

He is possessed, however, of another faculty, more far-reaching in its activity, more capable of entering into direct contact with the reality which he seeks. That faculty is intuition, which, owing to the exigencies of his intellectual development has been largely left in abeyance, and the deliverances of which, for the same reason, are looked upon by many with misgiving and uncertainty. Nevertheless it exists; its presence is felt in every work of genius, in every great leader of men, in every genuine religious faith. It lays hold on experiences which the intellect cannot grasp, but which the inner man apprehends and lives by. The discursive reason has, indeed, its own

important part to play, that of checking, defining, elaborating, constructing upon the deliverances of the intuitive perception, much as it does with regard to the deliverances of the senses. In dealing with the former, its important function is to reduce to earthly dimensions a vaster than earthly perspective, to contract the infinite horizon till it is to some degree within the compass of finite vision. Under this aspect, therefore, it is, though subordinate to intuition, equally with it the servant and organ of spirit. Together they are *mind* in its relation to man's essential being, that being in virtue of which he belongs to a permanent and fundamental, rather than to a temporary and accidental order.

According to this view of the constitution of man, that whole physical and mental organization whereby he is fitted for his earth-life, is yet in touch with, and fundamentally affected by a larger, other life which is equally his. Imperfect realization of this fact would result in disharmony and disorder of his complex being. Of the existence of such disorder, there is no doubt. We feel it in ourselves and we see it around us. We put it down to many causes, none of them radical, all of them indicative of some deeper and more inclusive cause than themselves. The desire for and the belief in spiritual healing is a recognition that ills of the body affect more than the body, that disorder of the mind reaches beyond the mind, and that to place and to maintain these at their highest health-level, we must bring to bear a power intrinsically greater than theirs, greater, therefore, than what is generally understood by the natural. Quite obviously, if our life has been lived solely in regard of its natural relations, intellectual and material, individual and social, if these (whatever our theoretical beliefs may be) have been practically treated as of paramount

importance, it is unlikely that we shall turn with much confidence, if at all, to spiritual methods in time of illness. Our faith will lie in drugs, change of climate, suitable diet, surgical aid, and favorable material conditions generally, and we shall not look further.

In case of any misunderstanding, let it at once be said that the writer fully believes the importance of such conditions to be great. Neglect of them is always unwise and often foolhardy, but, on the other hand, they in themselves do not touch the fundamental disorder, but only that part of it which is apparent, and their efficacy would not be less but greater than it is if its *raison d'être* were more clearly understood. It depends not on themselves, but on something beyond themselves, something which is symbolized in the Christian Sacraments, and in a less direct manner by every beneficial use of natural means, viz.: that Nature is a vehicle of spiritual "grace," expressive of and embodying that which would otherwise be intangible, in certain cases inoperative for lack of a conveying channel. It would, therefore, be absurd to object to physical remedies, which may be regarded, in the wide sense above suggested, as sacramental. They stand in much the same relation to the disordered body, as do food, fresh air, and exercise to the body in health. Indeed, it is very frequently by modifications of diet and exercise that, in these enlightened days, the disordered body is treated.

But in taking food as an analogy, it must be remembered that man does not live by bread alone. If it dominates him, if he becomes its slave, it may poison instead of nourishing him. In like manner the abuse of physical remedies may impair instead of stimulating that vital activity which they were intended to forward. Professor Osler has some amusing remarks under this head in his contribution to the discus-

sion in *The British Medical Journal* of which mention has already been made. Referring to the spread of "Christian Science" in America, he says:—"For generations the people of the United States have indulged in an orgy of drugging. Between polypharmacy in the profession and quack medicines, the American body has become saturated *ad nauseam*, and here, indeed, was a boon even greater than homœopathy. No wonder the American spirit, unquiet in a drug-soaked body, rose with joy at a new evangel."¹ No wonder, we may add, that in a revolt against such conditions, the physician falls of the honor due to him, and his methods are treated with contumely.

But Professor Osler is too keen an observer of the signs of the times and the needs of human nature to regard the revolt against over-drugging as the sole or the chief cause of the triumphs of Christian Science. "The real secret of its growth," he says, "does not lie in the refusal of physical measures of relief . . . but in offering to people a *way of life*, a new Epicureanism which promises to free the soul and body from fear, care, and unrest."² Any "way of life" which is able to do that,—and it is undeniable that Christian Science has done it for a large number of suffering human beings,—is sure to command a considerable following. Yet, if its successes have been many, its failures have been many also, and the paradoxes of "the new Evangel" stagger the faith of numbers who, unable to swallow Mrs. Eddy and her tenets, would nevertheless gladly welcome a different and a stronger "way of life" than that which has hitherto been theirs, but who feel that a mere denial of actual facts is powerless to give them what they need. Better methods are at hand, and a wide-

spread conviction is forming that the general religious attitude towards disease must be rectified. It has been far too much that of submission to an erroneous conception of the Will of God, curiously at variance with that familiar clause of the Lord's Prayer uttered by millions of Christians every day: "Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven."

We do not conceive disease to be one of the conditions under which the Will of God is done in Heaven. Glad and untiring energy, rest *in*, not *after*, triumphant activity are the notes of heavenly occupation. They should be at any rate the ideal of earthly work.

We are being forced to recognize this by the very fact that,—even eliminating the results of self-seeking competition, vanity, and money-worship,—the conditions of modern existence are such that unless rest in activity can be ours, we shall not rest at all; and a nervous system unable to rest must inevitably break down, as we have found to our cost. But the nervous system is the organ of mind, and mind is the servant of spirit. Spiritual unrest is therefore bound to make itself felt through the whole being, and spiritual unrest is rife in our age. It would seem, therefore, that we should apply ourselves to remove this first, and rest to mind and body will follow, not the artificial and dreary inactivity of the "rest-cure," but the strong and healthful calm which conduces to strong and healthful activity.

Spiritual rest and the strength which comes of it, will not be sought by all in precisely the same manner. Human beings are not manufactured wholesale, but moulded with numberless touches after a type admitting of almost infinite delicate variations. Consequently the ways unto peace, like the ways unto God, are as many as the souls of the children of men; but they have, whether consciously or not, one

¹ "The Faith that Heals," by William Osler, M.D., Regius Professor of Medicine at Oxford. "British Medical Journal," June 18th, 1910.

² "Ibid."

goal, the attainment of such equilibrium in the whole constitution of man as will be a new starting-point for the race. It is the writer's conviction that the chief actor in this development will be an immense widening and deepening of Christian faith and principles of action, especially (as above indicated) in recognizing the amenability of Nature and all natural things to spiritual control. The use of spiritual methods in the prevention and cure of disease is one indication of progress in this direction.

For we must not regard the resuscitation of such methods at the present time as on a par with their use in earlier and more ignorant ages, when men had no, or very slight, conception of an order of Nature and all that it implies. Then arbitrary coercion seemed the royal road to dominion in natural things. Now, we have realized that through obedience alone we learn to command. We cannot suddenly change or frustrate, but we can initiate and guide natural processes. In thus doing, we create new conditions, often fraught with serious difficulties and perplexities of which we are the authors, and with which consequently it is for us to deal, since without our conscious and voluntary interference with natural sequences they would not have arisen. Are we to deal with these difficulties solely by pitting the methods of Nature against one another, as in the war against bacterial dangers? Or are we by degrees to learn so to regulate our physical and mental organization that we are not—as now—open to these dangers? If the latter, we cannot suppose that such a condition will be reached by neglect of the laws of hygiene, or repudiation of natural remedies where these are evidently required. It will be reached by such an increase of spiritual development as will raise both physical and mental health to a higher

level, enabling man's body and mind to be fitter exponents of his spiritual significance. This would not conduce (after the fashion of some teaching of the day) to the egotistic centering of religious energy on the maintenance of health. The latter would be, as it were, a by-product of the enhanced spiritual life, with which we should be filled and sustained. We should thus pass with no diminution of vitality into and out of any conditions necessary to the accomplishment of our work on earth, passing away from it at length simply because our part was fulfilled, and the Master's voice called us to come higher, not because we had fallen victims to some disease which cut short our allotted task.

The above remarks do not, of course, apply to violent death, but at such a stage of spiritual development as that indicated this would be far less common, partly because social conditions would be so different, partly because we should be more conscious of, and more obedient to, those intuitive warnings now regarded as rather the exception than the rule.

It is true indeed, that in the fight against evil to which humanity is pledged, there would remain many dangers to confront, some, perhaps, of which we do not now dream, affecting us physically as well as in other ways. It is self-evident that mankind is not called to live a life of ease and self-indulgence, but it is weakness, not strength which conduces to that and to pleasure in it; weakness of physical constitution, of moral fibre, above all, of spiritual stamina. It is a commonplace that where there is a sufficiently powerful motive, what seems almost impossible physical endurance is developed without any subsequent hurtful reaction; and if proof of such a widely recognized fact were needed, it might be found in the exploits of Sir Ernest Shackleton and his fellow-ex-

plorers. When living on starvation rations they performed feats of physical strength which few well-fed athletes could equal, and the account of their experiences is one of the most inspiring records of human daring and perseverance ever given to the world. The planning and conduct of the expedition, indeed, gives an excellent example of the way in which natural methods should be subordinated to higher ends. Nothing was omitted, nothing neglected in promoting the best possible hygienic conditions under the circumstances; diet, clothing, medicaments, recreation, were all carefully considered; but this done, everything was subordinated to the main object in view. No effort, no hardship, no privation was considered too great, and probably the last matter to which the explorers gave a thought was the extraordinary power of endurance they were manifesting. The result of that endurance we all know.

But, it will be said, we are not all Shackletons. No, but neither are we all destined to be Antarctic explorers. Man is a many-sided being, and is susceptible in consequence of a variety of vocations, each requiring that the physical organization should be suitable to it. A brain-worker needs a different kind of staying-power to that of an explorer of Polar regions; but he cannot dispense with that which he does need. It may be added that under present conditions the nerve-stability, which is his chief desideratum, is becoming of increasing importance in all walks of life, and, as we are frequently told, is generally conspicuous by its absence. Nerve-disorder is, in truth, the least tractable of ailments to directly physical methods, the most so to those which are mental and spiritual. Consequently the importance of the latter is likely to be more and more recognized as peculiarly efficacious for modern sufferers. The

capacity of the flesh to "refine to nerve beneath the spirit's play" is a great and noble possibility fraught with hope for the whole race. But if the "spirit's play" be not of a high and healthful order, the nerve to which it refines the flesh will show morbid developments and diseased tendencies, even more detrimental to man's highest interests than those coarser bodily infirmities with which the surgeon's knife and the physician's prescription can to some extent deal.

Spiritual development lies, therefore, at the heart of the matter. "Realization of ourselves as spiritual beings, given a certain medium—the natural—wherein to express ourselves, and wherewith to create those conditions, individual and social, suitable to such expression, is the sole means of true human progress in health as in all other matters. It will carry with it the resolution of many problems which at present seem insoluble, and not least of that practical relation between spiritual power and physical organization which we now regard as beset with so many difficulties and perplexities. A simpler confidence in the Father of our spirits would go far to remove a vast number of them. Once, at any rate, He has given us a full and sufficient demonstration of what the natural wholly subdued to and informed by the spiritual can be. But we are so slow to learn that we can hardly yet claim to have mastered the alphabet of our lesson, still less to have perceived the practical grandeur of that type upon which we are formed, upon which in a deep and comprehensive sense we are in His power to form ourselves. It is for the Christian Church to lead. Can we say that she is as yet awake to her privilege and responsibility in the matter?

There is an obvious reason for her hesitation. It is the doubtful manner in which so many of her greatest

disciples have taught her to regard Nature, and that physical organization through which we become aware of and enter into relation with Nature. A striking example of this mistaken attitude is contained in a little book of true spirituality which has trained thousands in the higher life. "The senses," it says, "are not capable of divine blessings."³ Without doubt the reference is here, primarily, to that intimate mystical experience which does not come through the senses, though the latter may be affected by it; but so sweeping an assertion needs qualification which in this otherwise admirable little work, and others both of the same and of less contemplative type, it does not receive. The fact that the senses are easily capable of abuse, and that when abused they work cruel havoc in the whole man, seems often to blind Christian teachers to the fact that they ought, under due spiritual control, to play their full part in the economy of human nature and experience. Otherwise that experience is on the earth-side incomplete and maimed, shorn of a large part of its significance. It may well be that in the present and future, as in the past, there will be a need for that protest against the *dominion* of the senses which is afforded by practical demonstra-

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tion that even their rightful demands may be refused for the sake of interests higher than theirs. But such a vocation must necessarily be individual and exceptional. That which belongs to all men, which it is to the peril of every man to refuse, is to uphold the supremacy of the spiritual not *against*, but *in and through the natural*, in and through the senses therefore, and all that experience which is directly or indirectly due to them.

It is a very large and, in some ways, a very difficult ideal. To call it impracticable is, in the case of Christians, to deny their own faith and the living power of their Master. Part of it is unquestionably the attainment of such control over physical conditions as has not, at any rate generally, been deemed possible; and men do not aim at the impossible. Once show them that what they so regarded is, perhaps, after all, within their reach, and they will strain every nerve to attain it. They are being gradually shown this in the direction of mental and bodily health. As they master that part of their lesson, its application to other regions of experience, in particular to the rectification of social conditions, will begin to dawn upon them with results other and vaster than can at present be foreseen.

Emma Marie Caillard.

SCHUBERT'S SONGS.

The main features of Franz Schubert's career, his ardent yet unavailing devotions, his unconquerable genius soaring over cruel disappointment, his response to everything that was noblest and most beautiful in the world, his unsatisfied thirst for a word of recognition from the few he knew to

be his peers, the pathos of his luxuriant yet blighted life and of his death in the very flower of first manhood, exercise, it must be confessed, a perilous influence upon those who wish to approach his work dispassionately. Therefore let us admit at the outset that Schubert's wonderful fertility and strength were nearly allied to all that is weakest in the artistic temperament.

³ Molinos' "The Spiritual Guide," Bk. I., Ch. III., §14.

The Germans are the great musicians of the world; but if we consider German art as a whole—not their music only, but their painting, their poetry, their fiction—we see that certain faults stand out conspicuously, and that of these faults a too easy emotionalism is the most widespread and the worst. There is a flatness, a facile acquiescence, a shapeless self-abandonment, to which the German temperament is liable, and which, when the artist's character subsides under it, blurs all the outlines of his work, and surrenders him to vague tossings of the ocean he floats upon, more like a mollusc than a man. And this flat acquiescence is more than passive: it is a hungry thing. It is not content to yield itself: it yearns. Ignorant of what it yearns after, it is indiscriminate in what it yields to; the lavishing of sentiment is mistaken for the love of beauty; and whatever offers occasion for such lavishment is called the beautiful and the ideal. And thus the emotionalism, as well as being facile, becomes false.

Aimless emotionalism, with which all young undeveloped things are so plentifully endowed, is for our immediate purpose represented as accurately by the image of the mollusc as by any other that we could devise. Let a man, in addition to his clearly organized material of conscious aim or action, be pictured with the encumbrance of a mass of glutinous nonsense in his head. Let Schubert be the man. How much of this mass was he able, the critic will ask, to absorb and vivify? Upon how much did the clear print and seal of creative activity pass? How much remained at the end to dull the created thing and to defeat it? A criticism of Schubert, if it is to be just, must furnish an answer to these questions, but they cannot be put fairly, unless, while putting them, we recognize the scale on which, whatever faults it had, his genius ex-

pressed itself. It is not enough to say of him that he is one of the great musicians of the world; for the same could certainly be said of Chopin. Schubert is among those honored few whose activity extends over the entire field of music, and whose genius found its natural expression in the monumental fabric of the sonata. Furthermore, had Beethoven, whose consolation it was upon his death-bed to read Schubert's songs, died at the same age as Schubert, he would be known now by the works of his first period alone. Schubert's art, with its enormous scope, its redundancy, its imperfectly determined passion, is the uprush of an expanding nature, not the deliberate expression of mature powers; and this consideration, though it does not change the character or remove the faults of the works he has left behind him, does enable us fairly to claim that his virtues, his achievement, be not themselves allowed to count against him. Can it be denied that at present they often do so, and precisely in the minds of those best qualified to form an opinion? The very fact that he rises, as admittedly he does, to a place among the patriarchs of music, produces, by reversion, an excessive sensibility in his hearers to the points at which he falls below it; and to such an extent that if his symphonies, his chamber music, his sonatas, had never been written, if the easy critical comparison with Mozart or Beethoven, the cheap discovery of diffuseness, had not been possible, his songs, instead of being the hunting-ground for an occasional enthusiast, would have been long ere this accepted as models of perfection, representing a triumph over one of the problems of form and expression comparable to that of the fugues of Bach over another. It is of these songs that I wish now to speak; and the first thing to be said of them is that of themselves they would

have sufficed to place their author among the masters of art.

Yet it is true that Schubert's defects are discoverable even in his songs. I have never been so vividly reminded of them, or enabled to see them more clearly in their general bearing, than by a passage in the living and thoughtful account of a musician's mind and development which M. Romain Rolland has written or is writing still—I mean that undulating, endless novel of his, *Jean Christophe*. Jean Christophe is himself a German; but a period in his life arrives at which the German mawkishness and sentimentality stir an overpowering nausea in him; and his disgust concentrates itself upon their songs. "Beyond everything was this sickening sensibility, which came oozing drop by drop from the soul of Germany as if from some moist mildewy vault. Oh, for light, light! Oh for a harsh, dry air, to sweep away the miasma of the marsh, the languid insipidity of those *Lieder*, *Liedchen*, *Liedlein*, those songs, little songs, dear little songs, thick as the rain-drops, in which the German temperament discharges itself inexhaustibly." With pitiless determination M. Rolland compiles a list of names, which, since it is really the gist of the matter, we must rehearse, not here omitting the original French; for is not the very essence of his criticism comprised in the contrasting associations of the French and German vocabulary? "Ces innombrables *Sehnsucht* (*Désir*), *Heimweh* (*Nostalgie*), *Aufschwung* (*Essor*), *Frage* (*Demande*), *Warum?* (*Pourquoi?*), *an den Mond* (*A la lune*), *an die Sterne* (*Aux Etoiles*), *an die Nachtigall* (*Au rossignol*), *an den Frühling* (*Au printemps*), *an den Sonnenschein* (*A la clarté du soleil*); ces *Frühlingslied* (*Chant du printemps*), *Frühlingslust* (*Plaisir du printemps*), *Frühlingsgruss* (*Salut du printemps*), *Frühlingsfahrt* (*Voyage du printemps*), *Frühlingsnacht* (*Nuit du*

printemps), *Frühlingsbotschaft* (*Message du printemps*); ces *Stimme der Liebe* (*Voix de l'amour*), *Sprache der Liebe* (*Parole de l'amour*), *Trauer der Liebe* (*Tristesse de l'amour*), *Geist der Liebe* (*Esprit de l'amour*), *Fülle der Liebe* (*Plénitude de l'amour*); ces *Blumenlied* (*Chant des fleurs*), *Blumenbrief* (*Lettre des fleurs*), *Blumengruss* (*Salut des fleurs*)," etc. The list might be indefinitely extended; and it is hard to believe that M. Rolland did not, as he was forming it, cast his eye over a catalogue of Schubert's songs. Schubert inherited, let us openly admit it, and inherited in full measure, the national tendencies which have exposed German music to this searching thrust from M. Rolland's dissecting-knife. But there is another aspect to the case. Rehearse a few only of the pairs of names and you recognize that the German words are in themselves rich with a poetic stimulus, a melodious suggestiveness, while the French, with all their peculiar beauty, are crisp, decisive, nipping. How they beckon, those warm mysterious compounds, to all the ardors of the young enthusiast, what promise they offer of a life full of endless discovery, and surprise! And their French equivalents, precise, divided—what disenchantment is in them, how they trivialize romanticism and tie up its darling fancies in the blue ribbon proper to objects that are to be sentimentalized over and forgotten! It would be an insult to an English reader to ask him which of the two languages more nearly mirrors man's true relation to the world. This lyric rapture, into which the German mind runs so readily that it can make a mere word into a song, is a condition which every hedgerow bird supports and celebrates. We live in a world where flowers, spring, the rising sun, the human heart, are full of inexplicable beauty and appeal. Our responding sentiment is, indeed, but too likely to be vague and

floundering; it may miss, it may mistake, it may smother, it may fall short of its object; exhaust or overflow it, however, it never can. The German language gives us already in anticipation the treasure which their music unfolds.

Schubert's lyrical output was so enormous that he can comfortably take all the sins of his countrymen upon his shoulders and carry them with a smile. M. Rolland thinks or makes Jean Christophe think him watery. And since in a hundred songs at least he has represented the life of water in river, lake, or sea, as no one else has represented it—still water, running water, shallow water, deep, rough, calm water, water in its delight and in its awe, in its fascination and in its terror, he can afford to harbor a trace of the weaknesses of the element. He has all its reflectiveness and acquiescence; we must forgive him if he does not always avoid its insipidity. Wind and water are constant themes of the poet or the musician because of the challenge thrown out at once by the music inherent in them. The wind is but the voice of the air, and to the air whether it speaks or keeps silence Schubert responds no less spontaneously than to the water. He flies and sings in it like a bird; like it he rustles the leaves of the trees, sighs through the bare branches, or echoes the solemn liturgy chanted by night among the pines; the summons of its caress is as tender to him, as wistful, as to parted lovers; its chill benediction under the wide starlit sky affects him as it might affect a dedicated votary of the Church. Earth and fire are elements which his friends the poets gave him fewer opportunities to explore. But no artistic imagination which excluded them could be complete. To discover Schubert's sympathy with what is dumb, insistent, enduring—life's stage and tomb—the first quick glance may not

avail. The figures of death and the grave-digger, so strangely familiar in his songs, are something more than the playthings of romance; his nature rests on a deep religious seriousness; and earth, omnipresent, unobtrusive, the condition of all our activities and their crown, inspires, as our own poets have shown, an essentially religious sentiment. Already, in his affinity with Klopstock, Schubert shows that the organ tones are not denied to him, that his imagination is enriched by their support. In one majestic song he joins Goethe in laying bare the foundations of the world. Nor does his nature fail when the last test is applied to it—the ordeal of fire. Here again to appreciate his mettle we need to make Schiller and Goethe his companions; indeed, as an imaginative artist, his place is at their side. He descends with Schiller into the very flames of Hell; marks their writhing, devouring bitterness, and hears without flinching the sentence of eternal doom. With Goethe he assumes the defiant voice of Prometheus, invokes the generous fires of his own heart, and derides the insolent pretensions of the Thunderer.

The four elements, earth, air, fire, and water, may seem to have little enough to do with music, and Schubert is probably the only composer whose work is best to be delineated by beginning with them. To recognize this of him is to have the key to many qualities in his music which can only be very gradually, tentatively, painfully expressed on paper. Of course the imaginative kinship I have described, though it avails itself by a natural impulse of imitative echoes and suggestions wherever they are to be had, is not to be thought of as in any obvious sense an imitative faculty. It is, indeed, often a high imaginative achievement to render musically the effect and stimulus of a natural sound; and Schubert is a peculiarly daring imitator.

Perhaps his greatest triumph of this kind is his revival in one note of the lowing of a cow among the Alps; the passage is of the simplest, and the lowing is only one of a host of associations that are being dwelt upon; yet the ear receives it as nothing less than the miracle that it is. But the familiar mimicry of the purling spring, the effect likeliest to present itself to readers whose acquaintance does not extend beyond the Schubert of common fame, must be counted among a composer's temptations; and how easily it can become tedious! Nature has her sounds, but the musician is concerned not with the sounds but with their meaning; moreover, if he is to interpret nature, he will early recognize that silence has its meaning as well as sound, and he will principally devote himself to the musical rendering of effects with which in the first instance sound had nothing to do. Since Wordsworth wrote, we do not need to be reminded that the manifold activities of the life of nature all have their meaning for the mind of man, speaking to him in a language transcendent and inexhaustible. More than any other of the great composers, Schubert has shown that where this elemental language is concerned, he can understand, penetrate, interpret, and reveal; and for that reason I have opened my sketch by remarking how rich his response is to its four fundamental parts of speech.

Already we have come far from the "Blumenlied, Blumenbrief, Blumen-gruss" which M. Rolland so effectually derides. There is a world in which flowers talk, a world even in which they indulge in correspondence; German prints and German verse have familiarized it; and if this were, as it might have been, the world into which Schubert's melodies came pouring, it would be a sorry case. He made some excursions into it; and, being those of

a supreme genius, they are naturally popular; it is a pity that Messrs. Peters opened their excellent edition of the songs with the most considerable of them, the famous *Müllerlieder*. The more delicate qualities of these songs are likely to escape the notice of those who are unaware of the composer's range. They are, however, typical, in their theme, of the poetic atmosphere by which Schubert was surrounded. For the faultiness of temperament described earlier reduces itself to an excessive preoccupation with what the philosophers call our "subjectivity." Our transitory feelings, the possibility, the likelihood, of our having different feelings in the future, the hopes, pleasures, pains, disappointments connected therewith, may occupy our minds to the exclusion of the objects, the truths, which those feelings exist to bring before us. Several of the young poets who were Schubert's chief companions had this fault to an excess, and it was a characteristic of the time. They were of an introspective turn of mind; their attention was directed inwards upon themselves, and it could find very little stuff there to be occupied with. Hence there was a certain unhealthiness in the importance they might attach to ribbons or to roses. Their so-called romanticism was a kind of dropsical disorder and left them weak-kneed. There was a "blue flower" which, it was dreamed, one of them might one day light upon, and in the meantime life was a voyage of discovery, a crusade, which the unfolding of this ideal blossom was to sanctify. A sterner determination would probably have expressed itself in a more fibrous, a manlier symbolism. Schubert, though prone to "interpose a little ease" and "let frail thoughts daily with false surmise," had picked and pressed the flower while in his early teens, and perhaps it was only because he was

too companionable that he did not say so to his friends. His nature, liable as it was to the languishments and melancholy broodings which accompany extreme sensitiveness, was peculiarly free from the narrow introspection, the formless emotionalism, of the subjectivist.

His almost childlike candor and unconsciousness appear very charmingly in a letter which he wrote to his parents in his twenty-eighth year, three years, that is, before his death. "People are very much surprised at the plety which I have expressed in a hymn to the Holy Virgin, and which takes hold of everybody and inspires devotion. The reason is, I think, that I never force myself to devotion, and except when I am involuntarily overcome by it, never compose hymns or prayers of that kind; but when I do it is generally the right and true devotion." Nothing, of course, more astounds the sentimentalist than to be confronted with a feeling which is sincere. It is sincerity, the sincerity of inspiration, which Schubert here describes; and this is, indeed, the one unfailing quality of his work. He never stimulates emotion or provokes himself to artificial gloom or rapture. His sympathies are genuine, and they are universal. His native kinship with the elements was but the foundation upholding a structure which in its combined range and beauty it has been given only to the greatest artists to surpass. Wherever he goes, he is at home. It would be a problem to discover what regions of human life and human experience he has left unvisited. It would be a pastime to name fifty songs, each of which might have been conceived and brought to perfection in a world of its own.

There were, we have seen, certain vicious propensities in him, propensities which his environment must have done much to foster. His safeguard

against them lay in his peculiar imaginative gift. Many musicians of cultivated taste dismiss Schubert's work as cloying, allowing themselves to be prejudiced by a surface quality of richness which, to those who have not troubled to look below the surface, seems like waste. To understand Schubert is to enter with him into the imaginative experience which his music reveals. If his instrumental compositions were not outside the subject of this essay I could lament his youthful tendency to splash on the colors or to spread them in a style that must be disagreeable to highly conscientious critics. Yet many effects which appear over-luxurious at first sight will be found to justify themselves when their content and context are grasped imaginatively. Similarly with the songs. To be appreciated they must be approached—the most distinctive of them—with a certain shyness; for there is a likelihood that they will contain some new thing; and, if that is so, they must not be expected to carry their secret upon the surface. We have also to guard ourselves against a particularly disabling prejudice. Largely as a result of moral frailty and a musically defective intelligence in the possessors of the human instrument, we have come to regard songs as occasions to singers for a display. The human voice is an even more marvellous instrument than the gramophone that mocks it; but music began before, and will survive, even the gramophone, and songs would lose only the least part of their meaning if all the *prime donne* of present and future time were mute. Schubert, who was a prize chorister in his boyhood, knew accurately what the voice can and what it cannot do; but he as little thinks of the show singer when he is composing as a poet thinks of the show reader or reciter. He does not write to rouse a sensation but to convey an experience; and the voice is

therefore always treated by him as a means to an end, not as the end itself. The piano part is not so much an accompaniment in his music as an independent vehicle of expression of equal dignity with the voice, and of greater significance in its contribution to the general result. It may seem foolish to remark in Schubert a trait which he necessarily shares with all serious composers: but there are two considerations which give the remark special value in his case. The first is that his range of composition is so wide as to include naturally a great many of those songs which, having an extremely simple subject, need no more for its expression than an unbroken melody, and for which, therefore, the form that gives the voice its conventional predominance is the right one. The second is that among Schubert's many virtues none is greater than his steadfast avoidance of needless complexity. If melody from the singer and blithe vamping from the pianist express all that there is to be expressed, he is quite contented and provides no more. If, on the other hand, the voice part (the importance of which is that the words are enunciated in it) can only be explained by simultaneous performance of a sonata on the keys, he will write the sonata and content himself with nothing less. In the remarkable setting of Schiller's ballad *Der Taucher*, which he composed in his seventeenth year, the accompanist has at one point a page of music to himself. The diver having plunged into Charybdis and the onlookers slowly realizing that he is never to return.

If the first quality to be named in a survey of Schubert's songs is their imaginativeness, this simplicity is the second; and in this is the final triumph of his art. The quality of a perfect glove is that it should fit the hand. It will probably be more easily describable if it does not fit. But if it does,

when you have said so, you have nothing more or at least nothing better left to say. Schubert's simplicity as a song-writer is the simplicity of fitness; and to such an extent is this the case that it appears at first hopeless to characterize him except by an enumeration of his achievements. And perhaps it would not be lost time if we were to draw the glove upon the hand of the giant lyrist of German literature. I sometimes wonder how many lovers of Goethe are aware that Schubert has followed him, one might almost say, wherever it is possible for musician to follow poet, and that among some fifty of his songs, the words of which are by Goethe, at least a score are consummate masterpieces, displaying an artistic attainment as high and as varied as that of the words. Take, first, Goethe's love-lyrics. The trait we might suppose Schubert least qualified to appreciate would be the quips and artfulness of love, the charm of a light roguery masking passion; but this being touched with unwavering delicacy and security in his *Geheimes*, the perfection of the more serious and deeper strains follows almost as a matter of course. Yet the revelation of beauty in such songs as *Erster Verlust* and *Wonne der Wehmuth*, in each of which supreme poignancy is gained, as in the words, by reticence, remains marvellous. The tumultuous rapture and the driving power of passion could scarcely be expressed better than in the music to *Rastlose Liebe*, and to these in *Nähe des Geliebten* are added its dedication and its control. Written on a more extended scale, the two songs of Suleika, from the *West-Oestliche Diwan*, have all the fluctuating strength and weakness, joy and despair, which is the lot of parted lovers, and the wind as messenger, companion, comforter, is exquisitely understood. The feminine quality in these two songs, a humility of expectancy and dependence which

appears rather in their general tone and outline than in special phrases, gives them a crowning touch of individuality and characterization; and the same is even more intimately rendered in that immortal outcry of longing and despair, *Gretchen am Spinnrade* which Schubert wrote when he was seventeen. *Gretchen am Spinnrade* suggests in its turn *Die Spinnerin*—written only a year later—where the music, perfect formally, as also are the words, seems in its tenderness, its simplicity, its religious pity, to disclose a certain calousness and artificiality in the poet. Enough has already been said of Schubert as a nature-poet to make citation needless of his many renderings of Goethe's impressionist cameos, *Meeresstille*, *Wanderers Nachtlied*, and the rest. The settings of *Ganymed* and *Grenzen der Menschheit* indicate his instinctive hold both upon the romantic and the classic elements of Goethe's philosophy of nature. The first has all the beauty and sufficient of the disorderliness of the passionate, devotional, aspiration of romanticism; the morning wind and the song of the nightingale float over it in delicious echoes, and beneath, holding all the various strains together, there is the solemn rapture of opening life and the religious self-immolation of the soul before the creative spirit of the world. *Grenzen der Menschheit* is still finer. The classical tradition on which Goethe draws here for his words touches their grandeur with a kind of arbitrariness, a trait which the music, though equalling the majesty of the original, necessarily discards. All that was profoundest in the romantic inspiration is preserved in it. The recurrent Amen, which is at once theme and framework, seems in its sublime monotony to lay the foundations of earth and heaven, while still it reverberates in awe and tenderness over the frail, fleeting life of man. Thus, in the love-lyric and the

nature-lyric Schubert at least equals Goethe in his accuracy and range of feeling. But what of the host of Goethe's more singular or fanciful themes, dramatically or semi-dramatically treated, some playful, some sober, some meditative, some ironic, some hortatory? Even here Schubert's response is so rich that when he is silent we can only suppose it is by choice. His music to the *König in Thule* is more poignant, more passionate than the words. With astounding felicity it repeats the quality in them, whatever it be, of a life at once opulent and stern, and raises in clear vision that royal castle in the north, high-placed in pride and defiance above the insatiable sea. For delicacy and fancifulness *Heidenröslein*, universally familiar as it is, must yet be mentioned; but rarer, because combining with these traits the expression of an assumed national character (an achievement which apparently gives Schubert no trouble at all) is the sweet, quaint *Schweizerlied*, folk-song and nursery song in one. And now I find I have named sixteen songs where I promised but twenty, and already the dry list of attributes grows tedious; behind it, if the reader will believe me, lurk endless possibilities of delight (if music has indeed any delight for him), the delight of crystallized, universalized experiences, each opening its door to the deeper apprehension of the mystery of things. For the four remaining let him take *Hoffnung* (Schaff den Tagwerk meiner Hände), *An den Mond* (Fülle wieder Busch und Thal, the second version), *Der Fischer*, *Geistesgruss*, every one of which a child could play, and still I shall be keeping a dozen masterpieces in reserve, with *Prometheus* flaming, gorgeous, primeval, at their head.

It has been worth while to follow Schubert closely in his companionship with Goethe because the final appre-

ciation of his genius involves willingness to pursue him into strange places, and here his honorable association with Goethe, who, whatever else he represents, is an accepted representative of artistic sanity, will act for him as a kind of passport and prove his qualification to be our guide. In the list of his songs there are titles such as *Schatzgräbers Begehr* (The Treasure-digger's Craving) or *Todtengräbers Heimweh* (The Grave-digger's Homesickness) which many readers will be inclined to regard as a sufficient criticism of the music and as a release to them from their obligation to give it a hearing. Yet it is his power of giving reality to peculiar, one might almost say to hypothetical, experiences of this kind and of bringing them into relation with the commoner experiences of daily life that lovers of Schubert recognize as the quality in him which, whether or not it is his greatest, they could least spare because they would least know where to look for a substitute for it. The temptation to explore these caves and recesses of human feeling was no doubt augmented in Schubert by his intercourse with the romanticists of his day, whose instincts were always driving them from the beaten paths, and whose tendency it was to regard home-sickness, and the consequent demand upon the imagination to construct out of whatever materials a home for itself, as indispensable properties of the artist. Instincts and tendencies like this, easy as it is to criticize their weakness and to point out the falsities harbored in them and mistaken for truths, could not exist or at least could not maintain themselves without some support from reality, strong in proportion as they are strong. The sincerity and simplicity of Schubert's imaginative understanding take him, whenever he accompanies his brother-poets on these curious excursions, straight to the heart

of the thing; he is quite devoid of any impulse to express the supposed yearnings of a grave-digger on the ground that they are different from those of ordinary mortals, and he takes the peculiar theme the poet offers, not as an emancipation from common things but as the opportunity for a more poignant presentment. The fact that certain associations are changed gives fresh appeal to the changeless feelings that underlie them. Strange, writes Meredith,

When it strikes to within is the
known,
Richer than newness revealed;

and the idea does much to justify the restlessness of romanticism. For if, when it strikes to within, the known, the familiar, is strange, to give it an air of strangeness will perhaps be to enable it to strike.

It is worth noting that there is a distinction to be drawn here between the effect of a musical and that of a poetical representation. The differences involved in the two presentments are of great importance for the consideration of a form of art which, like the song, consists of a mixture of the two. Obviously the quality of a lyric by Goethe or Shelley is not affected if it suffers the accident of being set to music unworthy of it. Though less obvious it is equally true that music of the highest quality may be composed for totally unworthy poetry. This case is more complex than the other, because the first demand we make upon the music of a song is that we should feel continuously its appropriateness to the words; and how can good music be appropriate to bad words? The problem disappears if we remember that the music is not tied to the effect poetically achieved, that the composer is at liberty to divine the poet's unrealized intention and to write his song not to the actual words sup-

piled him by the poet but to those other words, those words, as Plato would say, laid up in heaven, which the poet hoped, labored, but failed, to supply. And this being granted it follows, or at least it may be granted as easily, that for the purpose of stimulus to the composer a failure from the hands of a romantic lyricist may sometimes have higher value than the finished work of a classic. A song cannot, of course, be a perfect song unless both the artists who contribute to the final result have done their work perfectly, and on this score the music is in a weaker position than the words, because it implies them without being implied in them. But once let this ultimate ideal be set aside and the song be approached (the musician always will so approach it) as a piece of music in the main, and it becomes clear that the artistic perfection of the words is inessential. Their effect, as poetry, depends upon subtleties of rhythm and inflection which music loses itself if it attempts to follow; it depends also upon the nice adjustment of these rhythmic subtleties to other, more elusive subtleties, in short, to the undiscoverable laws of verbal association; with which, again, music has little to do, its object being to substitute for them or supplement them with its own still more mysterious and still more vital associations. When Schiller's Amalia describes her lover as

Schön wie Engel voll Valhallas Wonne
though she wakens a lively sense in us of the transfiguring power of her passion, the phrase is not otherwise very convincing and may even seem far-fetched. But Schubert, accepting it at its full worth, gives in his music, side by side with the rapture of devotion, a hint of the remoteness of Valhalla, a touch of something rigorous and chill. It is more now than the name of Val-

halla that we are listening to, and instead of Amalia's statement that her lover is like a young Norse god, we have the very heart-beats that gave her such a vision of him. The song, a very early one, is worked out imperfectly. Another recounts the tragic death of a queen who, taken out to sea by her dwarf, is strangled and thrown overboard; she has deserted him for the king, and he kills her, not so much from jealousy as in a frenzy of devotion, or, if one might say so, of vicarious remorse. His act is impersonal, an act of necessary retribution; for in killing her he has more than killed himself; and he never again puts in to shore. The poem in which this tale is told might, I have no doubt, easily be dismissed as fantastic; but whatever criticism might have to say of the condition of mind which produces such visions or allegories, the words of the dwarf have one superlative merit, that they were the occasion to Schubert for perhaps the most flawless and the most convincing of his romances. The dwarf and the queen in their unearthly predicament, dark water under them and the star-sprinkled sky above; the awful fate which both know to be impending; their acceptance of it; their agony of despair; their devotion (for the queen still loves her dwarf); the intensity of their last brief moments; their last thoughts for one another; the very ring of their voices as they speak for the last time; the desolate dark spaces closing fatefully upon the bright life and engulfing it; all these things are in the music made real. The words do but recite a story; the music assures you that it was so. And this assurance is, after all, the seal of attainment in art.

Much else that lies beyond the border of our normal consciousness Schubert similarly apprehends and vivifies, sometimes with, sometimes without,

adequate support from the poetry which gives him his theme. His marvellous song series, *Der Winterreise* (The Winter Journey), is perhaps the chief example his work has to show of the triumph of the musician over the poet. I have to admit that I find the words in this case worse than unreadable; they are by the author of the *Müllerlieder*, who here leaves the dimpled brook, the coy maid, and the tear-stained memento, to deal in tragic tones with a youth who tears himself from a fickle-hearted mistress, and, burdened with all the sorrows of a Werther, journeys forth to find, but alas! not to be found by, death. Taking his trusty staff with him, he sets out one bleak winter evening, and every incident of his wanderings, every sight and every sound, remind him of what he is looking for. Already, in the third number of the series, he is bedewing the snow-clad earth with frozen tears; but the climax of irony is reached when, on coming to a hostel (for so he names the cemetery), and envying the cool unbroken slumbers of its inmates, he is told by a relentless proprietor that there is no room for him and he must move on; the result being that, after a spasmodic outburst of defiance against heaven, he sees double and takes his leave of us in the arms of a decayed organ-grinder, who is to accompany his songs with the appropriate melancholy drone. The whole of this mock tragedy is lifted by Schubert until it is a tragedy indeed. His music consigns the maundering, sentimental youth to the limbo where he belongs. We do, indeed, make his journey after him; we hear and see what he bids us hear and see. Only, instead of recoiling from his false experiences, we enter into Schubert's true ones. And the poet's fertility of fancifulness is thus turned to gain. For the barest of his images is now

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clothed, the emptiest inhabited, by living passion; the stock symbols, the crude commonplaces of despair, counted out, crowded together by the merciless, ravening sensationalist, have been accepted, have been breathed upon, by a soul in anguish.

Art has few more intimate, few nobler pages of self-revelation than are to be found in the music of the *Winterreise*. The sanity of the music is its truth. There are few things by which human nature is more easily revolted than by the demand for sympathy where no sympathy is due. Egotism, hypocrisy, posturing, when they connect themselves with grief, are peculiarly repugnant, and the art that luxuriates in extravagance of desolation is less forgivable because it is more tasteless than other sentimental excesses. True suffering is so solemn and so genuine a thing that its counterfeits, which the inexperienced crave for and in which the spendthrift of the emotions is immersed, provoke a righteous intolerance. Yet there is no higher function of art than the enlargement of sympathy; and the artist who, accurately touching the deeper chords of experience, relieves the sufferer of his sense of isolation, or widens for the untried mind its conception of the realities of our life, performs a service to humanity. For he acquaints the human soul more nearly with itself, and brings individual souls into closer mutual communion. That Schubert is engaged in the *Winterreise* upon this religious task appears from the sustainment of discipline in the work, its scrupulous economy, its versatility of sensitiveness, never languishing, never self-absorbed; from the considered proportion and shapeliness of the separate numbers; and from the unforgettable phrases of beauty and peace which light up even its stormiest and most sombre periods.

Basil de Selincourt.

THE STAIN IN THE CORNER.

When my regiment returned from service on the frontier in October 18— we were ordered to the little station of B—. This was good news for us all, as B— was known as a capital place for sport, and, more important to me as a married man, had a good climate in the cold weather months, and was in reasonable distance of the hills. No cavalry had been stationed there for some years, and our orders were due to the readjustment of garrisons then taking place all over India. My wife had been in England for the last two years with the children, and I at once cabled to her to bring them out and join me as soon as possible. I had engaged a bungalow from the list sent to my regiment by the Station Staff Officer. From the description he gave, it seemed just what we wanted, plenty of accommodation and a very low rent, marvellously low in fact, the reason stated being the distance from the mess, and lines, which made it a difficult house to let.

We reached B— late in the evening, and a friend in the Gunners put me up for the first night; while my servants, under the charge of Jalla Deen, my old bearer, went to my new abode to get things a little ship-shape. I was full of curiosity to inspect it for myself, for my wife was rather particular, and taking a house without her help was a distinct responsibility. All the morning, however, I was kept busy in the lines, and it was not till the afternoon that I was free to look after my own affairs. I felt very light-hearted as, after twenty minutes' ride, I turned in at the gateway. It was so good to know after these weary two years of separation I should be starting to meet Meg and the children in a few days' time. The first sight of the house impressed me favorably; it

certainly looked what house-agents would describe as "most desirable." It stood in an unusually large compound—and the servants' quarters, I noticed with satisfaction, were some distance in rear. There was a capital garden, rather run to riot, with a tangle of flowering-shrubs, oleanders, jasmine, and roses. A charming walk, bordered with orange-trees, was quite a feature, and the house itself was clothed with masses of the lovely Rangoon creeper.

"Ho, bearer," I shouted as I rode under the porch, and Jalla Deen appeared in spotless white garments, salaaming with grave dignity. Jalla Deen had been in my service for ten years, and when I married I prepared for trouble on his account, for as a rule the ways of bachelor's servants are not approved of by mem-sahibs, but fortunately my wife liked him at once, and he was certainly devoted to her and the children. "Is this house a good house?" I asked.

"Sahib will himself see," was the non-committal answer—and we forthwith started on our tour of inspection.

The main part of the building was on the usual plan; a large veranda ran all round, in the centre were the drawing-room and dining-room, and on either side of these a bed-room, dressing-room, and bathroom. There was, however, a smaller bungalow to the left, which was connected by means of a covered-in veranda. It consisted of several very fair-sized rooms opening one into the other; they were wonderfully well finished, with doors which could be locked and shutters which would close; I noticed, too, rings for stair-rods on the steps leading to the bathroom, and the floors were of a hard cement like marble, which would look well with rugs only,—very differ-

ent to the usual flooring of dried clay, which must be completely covered with matting. Evidently this part of the house had been at one time arranged to suit some one with a distinct taste for luxury! But why, I wondered, were the windows, without exception, all heavily barred?

"Huzoor," said Jalla Deen, a slow smile spreading over his usually rather sombre countenance, "for the babalogue" (Anglicè, baby-people), "this will be very good!"

"Yes, capital!" I agreed.

Jalla Deen was full of plans about furniture, and eager everything should be in order in good time; and as we talked I imagined our jolly, sturdy boys and their little fair-haired sister playing in these rooms, which now felt cold and dreary! What a difference their gay voices and merry laughter would make! And yet an unaccountable chilly feeling was creeping over me, and, against my own judgment, I began to have a sensation of distaste towards the proposed nurseries. My wife's little fox terrier evidently shared my feelings, for he stood in shivering discontent in the doorway, and as soon as he caught my eye he sat up and begged, with quivering paws, to be taken away.

"You must light fires," I said, "and clean up that stain in the corner," and I pointed to a brown patch on the wall near the window, which spread down to the floor. "The mem-sahib won't like to see that."

"Huzoor, I will give the order," said Jalla Deen gravely; "but men say no one can ever wash that out."

"Nonsense!" I replied angrily. "It is the order."

Jalla Deen salaamed submissively, conveying by his gesture, as only a native can, that my command of course settled the matter. I was turning away, when I caught sight of a decrepit old man peering in anxiously

at the window. His dull eyes seemed fixed with a look of intelligent interest on the stain, near which we stood, and he was shaking his head in a most provoking fashion. Evidently he was one of those who had said it could never be washed out.

"Who is that old fellow?" I asked impatiently. And Jalla Deen, with unmoved gravity, presented him to me as the *chowkidar* (night-watchman). It was too absurd: he was a regular old skeleton, and looked at least a hundred!

"He will never do," I said. "He is far too old."

"Huzoor, he has been chowkidar here for fifty—sixty years," urged Jalla Deen deprecatingly. "He can do the work, and his sister's son is chowkidar at the nearest bungalow."

"Oh, well, in that case we had better keep him," I said indifferently.

A chowkidar is, after all, merely a moral safeguard to prevent his brethren from looting you; and I knew well, if I dismissed this veteran, his relation would take good care that I paid for my rashness sooner or later. I turned away, my new domestic following at a respectful distance; and we went the round of the servants' quarters where, with Jalla Deen's assistance, I evicted large families of their relations, and secured one "go-down" for a fowl-house, another for storing firewood, and ordered a general clean-up before my wife should arrive. I was returning to the house, well pleased with my work, when I stumbled across something right up against the little bungalow. Overgrown with creepers and coarse grass as it was, it was unmistakably a grave. It even had a rude headstone; but if there had ever been any inscription, it had been obliterated by time. I turned inquiringly to the old man, but he shook his head apathetically, and I could get nothing out of him but that he was

an old man and knew nothing; and yet there was a flickering look of intelligence in his eye which belied his words.

"I am sure he knows all about it, stupid old fool!" I said angrily to Jalla Deen.

"Huzoor, he is too old, he has no good sense," said the bearer, "but the *mali* [gardener] says, 'a white mem-sahib runs along this veranda, and cries at night.' God knows! they are poor ignorant men, and the laundlord told me it is the talk of fools," he added with lordly contempt. After all, it was probably the grave of some favorite horse or dog, though it was not like an Englishman to bury either so near the house.

I strolled back to the veranda, and, throwing myself into a long chair, soon forgot the neglected grave, while my thoughts turned to the happy meeting with Meg and the children, now so near at hand. Then I fell to picturing her running through the big empty rooms: how busy and happy she would be, planning this and that, singing, talking, laughing, making a home of this somewhat gaunt Indian bungalow, as so many pretty young English wives must have done before. How many meetings and tearful partings its gray walls must have seen. If stones could speak, what a varied tale these could tell—very often a sad tale, alas!—of "the changes and chances of this mortal life."

I think I was half asleep when my eye fell on the old chowkidar crouched on the ground in front of me. "The Huzoor speaks true words," he said. (Had I unconsciously spoken aloud?) "Many sahibs and mems and babalogue have lived in this old house. . . . I have been here a long, long time, forty or fifty years perhaps; I am a very old man now, and my father was chowkidar before me—I have served many

of the white sahibs . . . I used to think them all mad, but perhaps it is I. Chuni Lal, who am mad, God knows. . . . I could tell the protector of the poor a great many stories, but my head soon gets tired, and it was all long ago, long ago. I have seen a mem-sahib who walked about this veranda at night, waiting for the sahib, waiting all night (it was trouble, for I had to keep awake too), and then, when the morning was just coming, the sahib would ride home, with the reins all hanging about the pony's feet (he would surely have been killed, but ponies are wiser than men); then I would call the bearer, and we would help the sahib to bed, and mem-sahib would pretend to be asleep . . . but I knew. . . . Before many moons had passed the sahib shot himself in this veranda . . . yes—I, Chuni Lal, found him lying there, but the mem-sahib was dead then . . . and no one cared. . . .

"There was another mem-sahib, I remember. Every night she used to meet the colonel sahib of the Rissala, down by those orange-trees (the Huzoor can see them from here), and one day she went away with him. They thought no one knew, but I could have told my sahib; but for what good? he would have beaten me . . . and she was *bad*, why keep her?

"I have seen strong sahibs, and mems like pearls, and sonny-babas and missee-babas carried away to the English graveyard, and every one cried 'aie, aie' . . . but other sahibs and mems and babas came, and we soon forgot.

"Huzoor saw the barred windows in the little bungalow? My father told me why they were put there. It was a very long time ago, and Gunpat Rao, a rich *soucar* [native banker], lived here. There was a Missee in the bar-

racks, who was fair as the dawn. Her father was a sergeant in the *gora* [white] regiment, and Gunpat Rao lent him too much money, my father said, and in the end a marriage was made, and Gunpat Rao brought the Missees here. . . . Then one day the regiment marched away to fight the Afghans, and there were no white people left, only the Missees. Gunpat Rao was very good to her—he made the little bungalow where she lived like a rajah's palace: there were carpets and curtains and all she wanted, nothing to do, but eat and be happy; but English mems are not like our women, and she was always crying and got whiter and whiter, and one day she tried to go after the regiment.

"Then Gunpat Rao had those bars put, and she was never allowed to go out. How she cried! My father said he used to hear her at night, 'Let me out, let me out, will *no one* come? oh, let me out!' She beat on those bars, and pulled at them with little white hands; he used to watch from far off—for if she had got away, Gunpat Rao would have beaten him! She had no good sense! What did she want? She had good food and bright clothes. She offered all the servants money to help her to get away; but they were afraid, and after a time she grew quieter. . . .

"Then it came that Gunpat Rao had to go away for two days. . . . He gave her plenty of food and water and locked the door . . . and told the servants he would kill them if they went near. . . .

"It was the time of the great sickness, and the night he left the Missees was ill . . . the servants, sitting in their houses, heard her crying all that night and the next day and the next night, but when the morning came all was quiet, and so they knew she was dead—what! all alone did Huzoor say? Why, what could servants do?

Gunpat Rao had locked the doors, and they were afraid.

"There was one very good mem-sahib, just when I began to get old. The sahib was in the Rissala, like the Huzoor. She was quite a new mem-sahib—I knew that, because when I asked for a blanket and said it was *dustoor* [custom], she did not say at once like the other mems, 'Then where is the blanket your last mem-sahib gave you?' No, she said, 'Poor old man, I dare say you are cold at night,' and gave me Rs.5, instead of telling the bearer to buy me the cheapest blanket he could in the bazaar! I got a blanket and a *chudda* [sheet], too, and had still Rs.1 left.

"The sahib and mem-sahib were very young, they used to run after each other and play like children. I thought it very strange, but English sahibs are strange. The hot weather soon came, and then they were quieter. They walked in the evenings up and down that path at the foot of the garden—where the other mem-sahib who ran away met the Rissala colonel sahib—and then when it was very hot, so hot that the ground burnt our feet, a baba came. We native men are very fond of our sons, but this sahib and mem thought quite as much of 'Sonny-baba' as any of us ever did of our boys—and, of course, all we servants were very proud of him too.

"It was about a year after, when the talk in the bazaar was bad. We heard something of it, but not much. . . . Sahib went out early one morning; I saw him stand with Sonny-baba in his arms, laughing and talking, and then he rode off, waving his hand to the mem-sahib. He did not know that he would never come back. I only saw him once again, and he was a good sahib, too, not often angry like some.

"Later, when the sun was hot and all the house shut up, mem-sahib sat playing with the baba, and the bearer's son came and told us that the se-poys were killing all the sahibs and mem-sahibs. . . .

"While we stood frightened and talking, wondering what to do, we heard a great noise and shouting, and just round that corner by the gate we saw a great crowd of *budmashes* [ne'er-do-weels] from the bazaar coming: they were shouting and were very angry. . . .

"Then the other servants ran away—but I was old, and I did not think they would hurt me. I crept round the other side of the house and tapped on the glass door of the drawing-room. Mem-sahib was singing and Sonny-baba was nearly asleep. Mem-sahib thought I was ayah, and without looking up called out softly, 'Ayah, tell Orderly to send those men away; I will not have these *tamashes* [merry-makings].—they will waken Sonny-baba!' . . .

I waited a minute, and then I tapped again and harder, for they were coming nearer: then the mem-sahib looked up, and when she saw my face she was frightened, and I called through the glass, 'Quick, quick, mem-sahib, run through the chota bungalow and I will hide you!' She just looked through the other door and saw all the crowd quite near, and then she got white,—so white, I thought she would fall—and then she ran, and I ran. She got to the bathroom-door first, which is the nearest way to the go-downs, the Huzoor knows—but the door was locked, locked on the outside. Then she turned and ran back; I had just reached the first window with the bars. 'Take Sonny,' she said, and she pushed him through to me. . . . There was no time to get round to the bathroom-door again, for the first men were in the room then. The mem-sahib ran to the corner where

Huzoor saw the mark on the floor, and hid her face in the sahib's great-coat that was hanging on the wall—and then in a moment the room was full. They were screaming and shouting. Oh sahib, I am an old man, but I have never forgotten: they looked like devils, and they were mad—mad for blood. They stopped a minute, and the mem-sahib lifted her head and looked round: she saw Ram Sing—(Ram Sing was the sahib's orderly, and often used to play with the Baba). She made a step forward and called to him quite hopefully, 'Ram Sing, help me.' Then some one at the back threw a stone. It hit her on the forehead, and she fell forward against the wall all bleeding—and then they killed her!

"I took Sonny-baba to his ayah, and we kept him for many weeks—and then the English people gave plenty money for him, but ayah and bearer got that. . . .

"The grave, the sahib says? Yes, that is the mem-sahib's—we buried her there that night. And the sahib? No, the sahib never came back. . . . I saw him, though, next day, lying right out on the parade-ground with some of the other sahibs. Dead?—oh yes! quite dead. We thought all the English were dead—but they came back—yes, they came back. . . .

"The brown mark Huzoor told them to wash out has been plenty trouble. . . . All the mem-sahibs say, 'make clean!' . . . but no one can. . . .

"I could tell the sahib many other stories." . . .

. . . I started up. Yes—I suppose it was really the old chowkidar who had been talking. . . . There he sat, a bundle of rags and bones huddled under a dirty cotton sheet. . . . He did not look as though he had a single idea in his head—and yet it seemed impossible that I should have dreamt his story! I gave the old fel-

low a rupee and sent him away, and then sat gazing out into the darkening garden. The glistening green of the orange-trees showed dark against the sky, and in fancy I saw the form of an English woman stealing noiselessly down to meet her lover. What manner of woman had she been, I wondered, and what of her husband, and the lover for whom she had sacrificed so much? Had she left children, too, for him? Was she happy after, and how did her story end? Did she and her lover know Chuni Lal had watched their meetings? But they would not have cared! He was only a native; yet she had given him the right to call an English lady—bad. . . .

Then through the screen of trees I imagined a couple pacing backwards and forwards. His arm was round her waist and his head bent over her, as she leant confidently on him, with her fair pale face turned up to his. It was well with this pair, I knew, as long as they were together; . . . hard that such a little weak woman should have faced death, and such a death, alone. This was the veranda where night after night a woman had watched till the gray morning broke. What killed her, I wondered! Fever, cholera, . . . a broken heart? God knows, as Chuni Lal would say. Where I sat, the man for whom she watched had died. He had sat as I sat, but no doubt with despair in his heart, and at last one morning, very early, at the hour when birds and trees and flowers and grass just stir and rustle, with the first hint of awaking to a fresh day—he had felt the light was more than he could face; and so Chuni Lal had found him, lying face down. A wasted life . . . and “no one cared.” . . .

I started up, determined to break the spell, and walked noisily into the house; but it was useless. I found myself walking softly, and had there

been any one with me I know we should have talked in whispers. Here were the windows, behind whose bars Gunpat Rao's captive had fretted and sobbed. I almost saw those little white hands pulling and straining at the rusty iron, and heard her wailing voice: “Let me out, let me out; oh! I want my mother and my own people.” And she had died there all alone, and not her fault—the poor little thing. . . .

Now I had reached the farthest room—the room with the stain in the corner,—mechanically I found myself at the bathroom-door. Locked, on the outside again as on that dreadful day many years ago. The air felt damp and cold now—but then it was mid-day and heavy with heat. The windows must have been shut to keep out the burning wind, and just here that frail girl had flung her soft body against this unyielding wood in a vain attempt to force her way. If Gunpat Rao had not barred the windows she might have been saved with her baby. . . .

I moved back, and stood by the stain. There she had buried her head in her man's coat (and all the while he lay dead on his own parade-ground, powerless to help her), but I think the touch of something that was his had brought comfort and courage—for I know when the mob burst in she faced round on them, and they, with some lingering remnant of the fear of the *Sirkar* (Government), in which they had been bred, hung back for an instant. That was Ram Sing's chance, for, after all, these were men with wives and children of their own; but he hesitated, and the moment passed, with that fatal stone thrown from behind,—and now there was nothing left but the stain in the corner and the forgotten grave. Thank God—it is all over and done with, years and years ago! Gunpat Rao's prisoner, the man

who drank, the runaway wife, the officer-boy murdered by his own men, and Chuni Lal's kind, little "new" mem-sahib, all sleep well. . . . But our great Empire has been paid for time and again, full measure and abundant, with the blood and the tears of such as these. Over the length and breadth of India their graves are hidden. Young lives given, some willingly, many with sorrow and pain, but still given for the honor of England.

My mind was made up,—no power on earth should induce me to bring Meg and the children to this house of many memories, and next morning I moved, bag and baggage, to the staring, new blue bungalow on the top of the hill. It was not so large—there was no garden to speak of,—it was

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commonplace to a degree, and utterly uninteresting; but I had had enough of romance, and I breathed freely when the move was accomplished.

Meg often wonders what induced me to let the delightful house with the beautiful garden, which we pass daily, slip through my fingers—but I keep my own counsel! A-Eurasian, employed on the railway, lives there now. The gate hangs on one hinge, and bits of paper and empty tins decorate the garden. The veranda is usually occupied by a large and shapeless woman, clad in a dirty, cotton dressing-gown; and her swarm of plebeian children squabble and play at her feet. I wonder if they ever dream of those who went before them! . . . But I think not.

WAGES AND COST OF LIVING IN THE UNITED STATES.

The Report issued by the Board of Trade on wages, cost of living, and other conditions of industrial life in the United States, supplements the valuable series of similar inquiries, already published, into the same conditions in several European countries. It supplements the previous inquiries and corrects them, or rather corrects the inferences to be drawn from them, and for the serious student of social and economic conditions that is its chief value. It corrects the previous inquiries because it tells a very different tale and thereby puts the relations of cause and effect in a truer light. The broad upshot of the reports dealing with European countries, including our own, has been to show that in regard to the conditions investigated the artisan in this country has, in a varying degree, the advantage over his fellows in Germany, France, or Belgium. He earns somewhat higher wages, works somewhat shorter

hours, and pays somewhat less for the necessities of life. Without going into qualifying details or minor distinctions we may accept that as the broad result. But when we come to the United States the picture is turned almost completely round. The workman in America enjoys an enormous advantage over his fellow in England, an advantage far greater than the latter enjoys over the German or the Frenchman. He earns more than two-and-a-quarter times as much money and works shorter hours for it; so that his hourly rate of earnings is as 240 to 100 or pretty nearly twice-and-a-half as much. Against that enormous difference in wages there is something to be set in the way of expenditure. Rent is twice as high and food is about one-third higher than in England, but the cost of living altogether is only as 152 to 100 or about half as much again.

Now, these facts completely dispose

of two widely current misconceptions or misstatements. One is that the higher wages admittedly paid in America are all swallowed up and more by the higher cost of living, which is believed to surpass the standard of this country in regard to the necessities of life by an enormous amount, and to constitute an intolerable burden. The present Report explicitly states the contrary at the conclusion of a long, elaborate, and extremely careful comparison of the two countries. In the United States, it says, a much greater margin of earnings over cost of living is available, even when allowance has been made for the increased expenditure on food and rent. "The margin is clearly large, making possible a command of the necessities and conveniences and minor luxuries of life that is both nominally and really greater than that enjoyed by the corresponding class in this country." It further appears from the Report that the advantage enjoyed by this country in regard to the cost of food is even less than it looks in the summary comparison. A workman living on the American scale only pays 25 per cent. more for his food in the United States than he would in England. Most men would cheerfully accept the condition of paying 25 or even 38 per cent. more for their food in order to get 130 per cent. more pay. And when the food items are scrutinized the difference is seen to be even less in regard to important articles. British beef and mutton are actually dearer than American, and pork is much dearer. The items in which the American prices are really much higher are potatoes and bread; but that means baker's bread bought in the loaf, which is little eaten by working-class families in the United States, as the Report points out. The bread on which they chiefly live is made at home, and flour only costs 3d. a stone more. That is not a ruinous

difference, and, therefore, so far as bread and meat are concerned, the British housewife has but small advantage. These results, we must confess, are a little surprising; but there is no doubt about the care and accuracy with which the *data* have been collected. It is clear that prices have not risen so much in recent years in the United States as we have been led to suppose, and that wages have risen far more rapidly.

The second erroneous notion disposed of by the Report is that the inferior position in regard to conditions of living occupied by the other European countries investigated as compared with England is caused by their protective fiscal systems. That is now proved to be a fallacy of the familiar type known as *post hoc propter hoc*; for the same protective system, carried very much further in the United States, has not produced any such inferiority there. It has not prevented a great superiority, any more than it has prevented a great advance in prosperity in those other countries. We were told, when it became impossible to deny their advance, that it had been effected in spite of their fiscal systems; and no doubt politicians who can bring themselves to say that are capable of arguing that the superior position of workmen in America is all in spite of the fiscal system. Well, if good results regularly follow that system, it does not matter much whether the connection is called "in spite of" or not. But, at any rate, the system cannot be held responsible for the evil plight of the American workman as compared with his British compeer under the blessings of Free Trade—or what Radicals choose to call Free Trade—because it is the British workman's plight that is comparatively evil. If these conditions of living are determined by a country's fiscal system, and if, accordingly, Germany's protective

tariff is to be held responsible for such inferiority as the German workman's lot may present to that of the British workman, then the inferiority of the latter to that of the American workman must likewise be attributed to the British fiscal system, if any sort of logic is to be observed at all. It may be argued, perhaps, that the present Report is not really representative of American conditions, that the basis is too narrow, that it is inconsistent with some other *data*, and so on. But that will not do. It is open to criticism, of course; any and every inquiry is open to criticism. But it is no more

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open to criticism than the previous ones. The inquiry has been carried out on the same lines, with the same thoroughness and care, under the same direction, and probably by the same investigators. Its defects are their defects, except that conditions are somewhat more complicated in the United States. But that has been allowed for, and it does not affect the main points at all. The present Report has all the validity of its predecessors, and any inferences drawn from them are equally proper to it. Inferences not proper to it must not be drawn from them either.

TRAPPED.

Scene—The Drawing Room; Time, 3.15 p.m. He is writing at a small table with his back to Her. She is sitting in an arm-chair working at a piece of embroidery.

He. What awful pens. This is the third I've tried and it's the scratchiest of the lot.

She. They suit me well enough.

He. But they don't suit me.

She. They're not meant to: they're my pens; and that's my table, too.

He. Yes, and it's the waggiest little humbug of a writing-table I ever sat at.

She. Don't you dare to say another word against my pet table. It wasn't meant for your great sprawly hand-writing. Besides, any self-respecting writing-table would object to a man who wears hob-nailed boots on his feet.

He. You don't want me to wear them on my hands, do you?

She. Charles, this is getting serious. You must check this fatal tendency to be humorous. It'll wreck—

He. Do, for Heaven's sake, give me one minute of complete silence. How

do you expect me to finish this letter if you keep on talking all the time?

She. Bless you, I don't mind whether you finish it or not. Anyhow, I'm going. I've got to see Lady Lampeter at half-past three, and it's nearly that already.

[She gets up and begins to put her work together.]

He. Does Parkins know you're going out?

She. Ye-es—at least I told Polly to tell him. But then this is Parkins's sacred time. He always locks himself up in the pantry for an hour every afternoon and goes to sleep, and there's dreadful trouble if he's disturbed.

He. Well, I hope he won't let anybody in on me. I'll have a word or two with him if he does.

She. You've only got to go into your library and you'll be quite safe.

He. I'm going to finish this letter here, whatever happens. Besides, he'd track me into the library just the same.

She. Well, I'm off. Be good and write prettily.

[Exit She. He heaves a sigh of relief and continues writing.]

He (to himself, sticking a stamp on his envelope). There, that's done; and now I'll nip out before——

Parkins (throwing open the door).

Mrs. Boxer and Miss Hepplethwaite!

[He glares balefully at Parkins and then with a swift change composes his face into a cheerful welcome as two ladies of mature age and of an aspect both genial and severe are ushered into the room.]

He. How do you do, Mrs. Boxer? How do you do, Miss Hepplethwaite?

Mrs. Boxer. Hepplethwaite. My sister, Miss Hepplethwaite.

He. Ah, yes, of course. How do you do, Miss Hepplethwaite? I'm so sorry, but my wife has only this moment gone out.

Mrs. B. We're very sorry, I'm sure.

He. She can't have got to the bottom of the garden yet. Perhaps if I were to run after her I could catch her.

[He makes for the door as though to carry out his intention of running after Her.]

Mrs. B. Pray, pray, Mr. Bromley, do not give yourself the trouble. We couldn't dream of it.

He. I could do it easily, you know.

Mrs. B. Oh, dear, no. We shall no doubt have further opportunities of seeing Mrs. Bromley.

He. Of course, of course. Won't you sit down?

Mrs. B. and Miss H. Oh, thank you. [They sit.]

He. I'm sure it's very good of you to call.

Mrs. B. These little return courtesies are, of course, essential.

He. Oh, yes, of course.

Mrs. B. Especially on the part of new-comers like ourselves.

He. Yes, of course, I'm sure I'm—that is—how does Lowmead strike

Punch.

you? It's a small place, isn't it?

Mrs. B. That is exactly what I was saying to Matilda as we came along. Lowmead, I said, is a small place, much smaller than Mantleborough, where we have hitherto resided, and it is necessary to be careful—did I not, Matilda?

Miss H. Yes, we both thought it a small place.

He. Yes, I'm afraid there's no doubt about it. It is a small place. [A pause.]

Mrs. B. Do you know Mantleborough, Mr. Bromley?

He. I'm sorry to say I don't. Charming place, isn't it?

Mrs. B. To some it may be; but we had to leave it on account of the new Vicar.

He. Really? I'm awfully sorry. Bad lot, was he?

Mrs. B. No, not that, Mr. Bromley, I am thankful to say, but High, dreadfully High.

He. Ah, they *will* be like that sometimes. But you're safe in Lowmead. Our man's as sound as they make 'em in that way.

Mrs. B. That is what really attracted us to Lowmead.

[A pause.]

He. Won't you have some tea?

Mrs. B. Thank you, Mr. Bromley; but pray do not give yourself the trouble.

He. No trouble, I'm sure. [He rings.]

[A pause.]

Parkins (opening the door). Did you ring, Sir?

He (glaringly). Yes. Tea for three; and look sharp. (To Mrs. B.) Yes, as you say, Lowmead is a small place, but the Vicar's Low Church, and that makes up for a lot.

Mrs. B. Indeed it does. [Left conversing.]

"THE OLD YELLOW BOOK."

A small volume has just been published, with the title of "The Old Yellow Book,"¹ which throws a vivid light upon Robert Browning's masterpiece, "The Ring and the Book." The circumstances in which this dramatic poem were composed are familiar. Once upon a time Browning discovered at Florence a "square old yellow book," with "crumpled vellum covers." It lay upon a stall, "'mongst odds and ends of ravage," and it contained an account, or rather many accounts, of a tragedy which took place in Italy some two centuries ago. Browning, as he tells us, took this "pure crude fact secreted from man's life when hearts beat hard," and made it his own. He has sketched his capture so vividly that the Yellow Book has seemed a reality to many readers. "I learned a little," he says, "and overlooked my prize

By the low railing round the fountain-source

Close to the statue, where a step descends:

. . . And . . .
. . . though my path grew perilous,

Still I read on, from written title-page
To written index, on, through street
and street,

At the Strozzi, at the Pillar, at the
Bridge;

Till by the time I stood at home
again

In Casa Guidi by Felice Church,

I had mastered the contents.

Such is Browning's own account of his first acquaintance with his Roman murder-case. For eight years the story, mastered in a stroll, engrossed the poet, and at last there appeared (in 1868-9) "The Ring and the Book,"

¹ "The Old Yellow Book," translated and edited by Charles W. Hodell. London: J. M. Dent.

which was no more and no less than a poetic version of the murder which had taken place in Rome two centuries before. After the poet's death the "old yellow book" passed into the possession of Balliol College, Oxford, and it is now given to the world, in workmanlike translation, to reveal half the secret of the poet's brain.

The story, broad and savage in its outlines, is precisely such as we should expect to captivate the dramatic genius of Robert Browning. There is life and tragedy on every page of it. Even in the bold prose of the Yellow Book the characters are vividly set forth. The lawyers, who, all unconscious of artistry, compiled the facts, lifted the curtain, in their own despite, which hides the motives of men's hearts. The very crudity of the drama makes it easily intelligible. Here are no finer shades, but merely cruelty, revenge, and death. There is small suspicion of love anywhere. The hopeless marriage, which is the cause of the tragedy, was a marriage of greed and interest. The guilt of the miserable wife was never proved, and he would be a churl indeed that would not give Pompilia the benefit of the doubt. But the murder was clear and undisputed. That Guido Franceschini and his ruffians killed Pompilia and her parents is admitted on either side, and no miscreants ever went more justly to the gallows.

The plain statement of the lawyers makes up in life what it lacks in artistry, and the Yellow Book gives us the same irresistible impression as one of our own State Trials. Guido Franceschini, the head of an honorable, impoverished family, attempted to restore the fortunes of his house by a wealthy marriage. He had failed to make a success of his life, and

found himself at the age of forty penniless in Rome, and without a prospect of better things. There was nothing in his person to commend him. He was neither handsome nor accomplished, and even in a marriage of convenience he could not look higher than the family of a well-to-do bourgeois. According to his enemies, it was his habit to hang about the shop of certain women hairdressers. There he would boast of the grandeur of his country, his birth, and his property, and in the confiding ear of these women he confessed that he intended to set up his house with a good dowry. He persuaded one of them to find him a suitable match, and she at last discovered to him the unfortunate Francesca Pompilia, the daughter, real or reputed, of a tiresome couple, Pietro and Violante Comparini. The couple, as they appear in the record, are sordid enough. Truly they deserve no pity, and they get none. Pietro, a garrulous scoundrel, was content if he could spend his daughter's money in the neighboring wine-shops. Violante had aspirations. A distinguished match for her daughter was all that she wanted to satisfy her ambition, and she eagerly accepted the addresses of the infamous Guido. No sooner had she sacrificed the child of thirteen, for that was Pompilia's age, upon the altar of social advancement, than the whole family departed for Arezzo, where was situated the ruined palace of the Franceschini. The Comparini, simple bourgeois as they were, had no experience of the pompous squalor and dignified privation that reigned therein. If we may believe their story, they were starved both by cold and hunger. They received nothing at the hands of the noble Franceschini save insult and ridicule. The unhappy Violante was not allowed the solace of a brazier even in the bitterest weather; and if the account that is

given of the food doled out to them is true, it is wonderful that starvation did not make the hatchet unnecessary. The Signora Beatrice, we are told, sent her servant to purchase a sucking lamb or two pounds of beef, which was expected to feed the whole household for a week. On fast days there was nothing to eat but a little salt-pike and a few boiled chestnuts. The wine was assiduously watered, and even from these slender comforts the wretched Pietro was excluded if he dared to stay out after the front door was locked. Worse still, the young wife and her parents were exposed continually to the brutal insolence of Guido Franceschini and the more highly polished impertinence of his brother, the Abate Paolo. Is it any wonder, then, that they determined to escape from the bondage of the Palace, and to seek refuge again in the simpler life of Rome?

It was not long, indeed, before the Comparini escaped, leaving the poor little Pompilia alone in her cage. And when they got back to Rome, the tale of the Franceschini's poverty and squalor did not lose in the telling. So there began a long campaign of slander and exasperation until at last the Comparini declared that Pompilia was no child of theirs, but a changeling of the basest birth, fathered by Violante upon Pietro. And as though the affront of this deception were not a heavy enough blow for the pride of the Franceschini, they began an action at law for the recovery of the dowry, which, if Pompilia were no child of theirs, should not have been paid. The amiable Franceschini responded to the challenge by making Pompilia's life a living torture. Guido spared her nothing in the way of insult and reproach. Reproach grew to violence, and at last the poor child, beaten and defenceless, appealed for aid to Caponsacchi, a priest, with whom she fled

from her husband's house, which was her prison.

Guido pursued the fugitives, and overtook them at Castelnovo. Had he there and then wreaked his vengeance upon them, he might have pleaded his outraged honor as an excuse. But fear or hesitancy stayed his hand, and he permitted the law to take its course. Caponsacchi was condemned to three years at Civita Vecchia, and Pompilia was sent to a convent, a sentence which proves that the law took a more lenient view than did Guido of his wife's character. For the moment quiescent, Guido yet meditated revenge, and when a few months afterwards Pompilia had been permitted to return to her parents' house, he went thither with a band of hirelings and took the vengeance of a savage. The Comparini were stabbed to death, and Pompilia was left a-dying, with twenty-two wounds upon her frail body. The case, which engrossed the gossips of Rome for many a day, ended in the just condemnation of Guido Franceschini and his accomplices, and the one word that can be said in favor of Guido himself is that he died with courage. "When he had mounted the platform," says the *Yellow Book*, "he asked pardon for his sins, and begged them to pray for his soul, adding that they should say a Pater, an Ave, and Salve Regina for him. When he had made the confessor announce that he was reconciled, he adjusted his neck upon mannala, and with the name of Jesus on his lips he was beheaded. The head was then shown to the people by the executioner."

Thus died the infamous Guido Franceschini, who, but for the accident of the *Yellow Book* falling into the hands of Robert Browning, would long ago have been forgotten. The accident, which gave Guido immortality, was happy for the poet. The theme was

perfectly suited to Browning's talent and temperament. The life which burns in every line of it gave his dramatic genius its best opportunity. Even those for whom, as for ourselves, Browning's style is a thing of corners and rough edges, cannot but admire the amazing vitality of "*The Ring and the Book*." Here we are confronted not so much with poetry as with life itself. Guido and the Abate Paolo speak and move as they spoke and moved at Arezzo. The hapless and injured Pompilia suffers again the cruellest tortures. The characters and incidents of the tragedy are alike so real that you forget the words in which they are clothed: you look upon them disembodied of their art. And the comparison of the *Yellow Book* with the poem reveals most vividly the poet's method. In many a passage he keeps so close to his original as to reproduce word for word the actual speeches of the dead. Then by a flash of insight he shows you how little he is trammelled by the literal truth. The characters of the drama are realized with an understanding which will astonish all those who read the *Yellow Book*, at once by its simplicity and by its justice. The raw material is all there, to be sure, but how wonderfully it is transformed by the magician's wand! And in one respect the poet gives us the same impression as the record in prose. He, too, like the *Yellow Book*, turns the story this way and that, looks at it from everyone's point of view, and snatches the heart of truth from the body of discordant statement. On every page the strange process of translation from prose to verse is visible. But nowhere can you judge better of the charity with which Browning has put his case than in the two books entitled "*Half-Rome*" and "*The Other Half-Rome*," which give in plain substance two pamphlets, written, while the case was pending,

for and against the infamous Guido. Here, then, is a book which we may commend to all readers, which not only sets before us the clear

Blackwood's Magazine.

outlines of an ancient and bitter tragedy, but lights up in a sudden flash the inward processes of a poet's brain.

"AN INSPIRED LITTLE CREATURE."

To the Editor of the Fortnightly Review.

Sir,—Since the publication in *The Fortnightly Review*¹ for last November of an article by me entitled "'An Inspired Little Creature' and the Poet Wordsworth," the missing National Anthem, written by the "Inspired Little Creature" at Wordsworth's instigation, has been discovered among some papers in the possession of a member of the Wordsworth family. I cannot refrain from sending it to you, because perhaps those of your readers who were interested in the story of Wordsworth's marvellous little poet cousin, may be further interested in reading her version of the National Anthem.

The facts, as told in my article, were briefly these: Mrs. Fisher, wife of the Rector of Poulshot in North Wilts, and a cousin of William Wordsworth's, had a little daughter who distinctly possessed that elusive but unmistakable quality that we call genius. When the child was but twelve years old, her mother sent some of her poems to Wordsworth, and the great man wrote back in amazed admiration.

It is impossible to foretell what may come in future time out of these promises, but I have met in the language of no age or country with things so extraordinary from so young a Person . . . all that can be desired, an observant eye, feeling, thought, fancy, and above all imagination . . . in part of these last three is the very spirit of Milton himself.

In a subsequent letter, the future Poet Laureate handed on an "order" to little Emmeline—

¹ "The Living Age," Dec. 24, 1910.

The verses upon the Queen . . . are exquisite, and tempt me to ask, though not without hesitation, that as Emmie has, I am told, such a fine feeling for music, she would make an attempt to fit the noble music of "God Save the King" with better and more appropriate words than are ordinarily joined with it. A request to this effect was made to myself, from a person high in office. I tried, but could not succeed—your inspired little creature may be more happy in her effort, and so I told my correspondent.

Emmeline tackled the Anthem. The mother sent it, and Wordsworth acknowledged it.

I now thank you most sincerely . . . especially for the Anthem, undertaken upon my suggestion. When I made the vain attempt myself, my wish was to steal into the subject by using as much of the first stanza of the old song as possible—but I found the name Victoria as a substitute for Great George utterly unmanageable. And this discouraged me so that, tho' I did compose 2 stanzas in place of the vulgar stuff about "knavish tricks," &c., I did not think it worth while to write them, and they are now forgotten. My young Cousin, for I love to call her so, found, I suppose, the same difficulty unsurmountable; and has given me an entirely new thing, with which we are not a little pleased; and perhaps I may forward it, with your permission, to my friend Mary Spring Rice (who, as you know, is one of her Majesty's Maids of Honor).

But, though the young Queen Victoria evidently *did* receive the Anthem (a gracious proof of this remains

—a little silver ink-stand with the Royal Arms and "Emmeline" engraved on it), no copy of the verses themselves was discoverable when I wrote the article for *The Fortnightly Review*, and this to me was a matter of surprise; and also of deep regret, for I could present only the setting, without the jewel.

One thing that stood out very clearly in the whole story of the "Inspired Little Creature"—and that perhaps explained why there were no carefully kept copies of the Anthem and of all the poems that were sent to Wordsworth and that he read and eulogized—was that Wordsworth, though he was so charmed by the poetic gift of his "little Cousin," and wrote so generously and highly of her work, yet saw, in such powers when possessed by a woman, only the necessity for repression.

And now it re-appears, this Anthem, seventy-five years since the little slender anxious fingers penned it; and Wordsworth has been dead for over half a century, and the poetess lies beneath the grass of an English graveyard; and we are on the eve of another Coronation, and again all our minds are busy with loyal thoughts and wishes. And so I venture to think that this discovered Anthem, which pleased Wordsworth "not a little," will be read now, in this Coronation year, with peculiar interest.

Is it not wonderful, when one remembers it was written by a little maid of twelve—twelve summers spent in a happy English rectory? Is it not descriptive of Queen Victoria's reign?

The Fortnightly Review.

ACCESSION OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

Oh, God of might and Love,
Look from Thy throne above,
God save our Queen.
Be Thou a Pillar bright,
The paths of life to light,
And guide her steps aright,
God save the Queen!

May she a planet rise,
Serene amid the skies,
Ocean's fair Queen.
Guide Thou her ships afar,
Shield her in rightful war,
Our bright and Western Star,
God save the Queen!

Be hers a glorious name,
Hers be a deathless fame,
God save the Queen.
Save her from foreign guile,
Open foes, secret wile,
Pride of the Ocean Isle—
God save the Queen!

May her reign peaceful be;
Lands far across the sea
Bless England's Queen.
Increase our inland stores,
While commerce freely pours
Wealth on our prosperous shores.
God save the Queen!

It was never sung in honor of the Queen to whom it was written—the "vulgar stuff about 'knaveish tricks'" has continued to be vociferated by loyal voices through the years; but is not the Anthem of the "Inspired Little Creature" not only beautiful and dignified and thoughtful, but even prophetic? "Ships afar"—"rightful war"—"deathless fame"—all these we associate with the name of Victoria the Good; and the fourth verse—well, might it not almost be said to foreshadow "Thinking Imperially," if not, indeed, Preference within the Empire?

Rosaline Masson.

THE EMPIRE OF OIL.

It is not without significance that the two articles of commerce which have recently held the first position in

the public mind, oil and rubber, should also hold the record for sensationalism in the modern romance of trade.

The misdeeds which redden the career of rubber in Africa and Mexico have, in large part at any rate, been laid bare to the public eye. The story of the great Oil Trust of America has been told perhaps in more intimate detail than that of any other business enterprise, and Mr. Lowes Dickinson made it the obvious subject of his powerful play, "Business." But the very intricacy of its tortuous and criminal career has served in some measure as a protective cloak. Some of the more sensational charges have sounded so incredible as to be discounted heavily by sober-minded persons, while other incidents have demanded for their appreciation a more exact understanding of business methods than most readers possess. But to those who desire to know what modern business at its very worst may mean, we commend a perusal of "The Great Oil Octopus" (Fisher Unwin), republishing a series of articles which recently appeared in "Truth." Most of the material, here presented in portable shape, has been already made public in Henry D. Lloyd's "Wealth against Commonwealth," and in the more erudite "History of the Standard Oil Trust," by Miss Tarbell. Drawn chiefly from records of the Law Courts, and other public documents, its accuracy is unimpeachable. The Oil Kings are far too astute to court more publicity than has fallen to their lot.

This in the main is the story. Oil came on in a rush in the 'sixties and early 'seventies. The valleys of Pennsylvania suddenly blossomed with busy towns and oil fields. Wells were sunk, refineries sprang up, hundreds of business men were on their way to fortunes, and high wages brought prosperity to whole communities. It was an age of enterprise and speculation. Upon a brief era of this prosperity collapse supervened, and out of the ruin emerged one little group of oilmen

rapidly forging to the front, and absorbing more and more of the profitable business. The organizing mind was that of Mr. John D. Rockefeller who, starting in Cleveland first as a book-keeper and small partner in a country store, soon plunged into the oil business as a small refiner and merchant. He was not a discoverer or an inventor. He "struck" no oil, methods of refining owed nothing to him, the pipe-line, tank-car, and other improvements which have helped to build the fortune of the Company were all due to outsiders. His was the business mind without fear or scruple. Corrupt and illegal bargains with railway officials were the foundations of success. Starting in a comparatively small way as shippers of oil, the company induced the freight managers of all the railroads passing through the oil regions to cheat their shareholders by a system of rebates and other discriminative methods. The South Improvement Company, their early name, was to pay the same freight-rates as their competitors, but there was to be a secret rebate upon all the traffic done by the Company or its competitors, which was to be divided between the conniving officials and the Company. This rebate with other modes of discrimination and "terminal facilities" were simply bludgeons with which Mr. Rockefeller and his confederates struck down their competitors or forced them to sell their businesses to the South Improvement Company for stock or cash at the latter's valuation.

By 1872 Mr. Rockefeller had succeeded in bringing four-fifths of the refining firms into a National Refiners' Association, with himself as President. This organization lasted long enough to break the Oil Producers' Union, and then collapsed, leaving Mr. Rockefeller free to carry out his more durable project, the formation of the Standard Oil Trust, in 1874. Under the pressure of

the rebate and the discriminating rates, competing refiners were forced one by one into selling themselves to the Standard Oil Company for Stock in that Company, retaining in many instances the semblance of independence in order to deceive the public. Such was the nucleus of this first and most powerful of American Trusts, which for a whole generation has held a virtual monopoly in the United States of an article that is almost a necessary of life, and has of recent years stretched out its tentacles into the remotest villages of the civilized and uncivilized earth. Beyond all doubt the largest and most profitable business in the world, its central company has settled its legal home in the complacent State of New Jersey. This company controls nine other refining companies in various States, a group of lubricating oil companies, crude oil producing companies, pipe-line and tank-car companies, natural gas companies, and a large number of commercial companies in the United States and abroad.

The supreme interest in this history consists in the fact that it furnishes the most complete and varied refutation of the maxim that "Honesty is the best policy." At every step in its successful career the Standard Oil Company has shown an utter disregard for legal obligations, private honor, and the public interest. Summoned before Commissions or the Law Courts, its principals have persistently refused to answer, or have falsified the facts, uttering direct lies in the witness-box whenever it was necessary. The famous Archbold letters, published three years ago, convict them of paying hard cash to senators to defeat anti-trust legislation, and of bringing influence to bear on high politicians for the appointment of Judges and Attorney-Generals favorable to the oil interests. That a great business

man could be found writing to the Governor of a great State in the following terms to urge an appointment to the Supreme Court Bench is a really amazing glimpse into the relations between business and politics in America:

My dear Governor.—I am sure you will pardon any seeming presumption on my part in writing you on a subject in which, both personally and on behalf of my Company, I am greatly interested. It is to urge the appointment, if at all consistent, of Judge Morrison, of McKean, to the Supreme Court Bench, vice Mitchell, deceased. Judge Morrison's character for ability and integrity needs no words at my hands, but aside from these great considerations, his familiarity with all that pertains to the great industries of oil and gas, in the important relations they bear to the interests of the Western part of the State, makes him especially desirable as a member of the Court from that section.

To such business men nothing comes amiss. The pages of their history are strewn with attempted or successful bribing of employees in rival firms, of inspectors, law officers, with espionage and threats to ruin purchasers of competing oil. The famous charge of incitement to the blowing up of a rival refinery, for which their agents were condemned, is once more re-told; and we have the whole complicated story of the complete failure of the forces of law and order to compel obedience to the law, or to punish infractions, ending with the formal infliction of the five million dollars fine four years ago. The Standard Oil Company is above law and morality. As it can defy the law, so it can square the forces of morality. This can be done through the Churches. For Mr. Rockefeller is described as "an excellent Baptist," and he has applied to religion his clean-cut business principles. "According as you put something into the Church or

the Sunday-school work, the greater will be your dividends of salvation." Not without reason has the Standard Oil Trust been described as "evangelical at one end, explosive at the other."

"Yes, such are the ethics of business and of politics in America," is the complacent comment of the British reader. He had, however, best reserve his judgment until he has read the concluding chapter, which seeks to probe the mystery of the "low-flash point" still retained for standard oil sold in this country. A Select Committee, which sat upon this question twelve years ago, taking the evidence of such scientific authorities as Lord Kelvin, Sir H. Roscoe, and Professor Ramsay, reported in favor of raising the flash-point, in view of the great growth of accidents. But when the Flash-point Bill came up for second reading in 1899, it was rejected "on the pledge of Mr. Collings, then representing the Home Office, that the Government would deal with the whole subject of the storage of petroleum and of lamp accidents." But nothing has ever yet been done, and as Professor Silvanus P. Thompson has recently remarked, "The scandal of the free sale of dangerous low-flash oil continues." One way or another, the Standard Oil Company seems to get its way here as in America, and careful students of such evidence as is available will probably conclude that it does so by employing the same methods. Indeed, as we follow the tortuous career of this protean monster in India, Germany, France or Sweden, we find it appearing in diverse shapes, with various protective titles, but always operating with the same audacity and cunning upon the same

The Nation.

weakness of business men and politicians. Take Sweden, for example. "In the beginning of September, 1909, Mr. Stendahl's report was issued, which proves by an abundance of sensational and, at times, amusing evidence that the so-called Swedish Vacuum Oil Company is identical with that of Rochester, U.S.A., that it has evaded Swedish taxation, fraudulently rebranded cheaper as dearer oils, and, by a very curiously concealed system of bribery, induced engineers of the Royal Navy to diminish the effectiveness of their service."

Will the Trust establish a world-monopoly? This issue remains to be fought out. With the rapidly expanding uses of oil, new profitable sources of supply in several countries have been opened up. It is no longer a question of dividing the market with the produce of the Baku wells. In Galicia, Roumania, and elsewhere, vast new sources have been tapped, and a stout resistance has been offered to the American invader. Two powerful combinations have been formed, the European and the Asiatic Petroleum Unions, possessing capital of a magnitude fitted for the world-combat which is even now in course of being fought out. What will be the issue of the conflict between these commercial monsters struggling for the mastery of continents remains to be seen. It is difficult to see what protection the oil-using public can procure against a peace which shall either apportion the oil empire between two or three gigantic companies, working by agreement, or shall enable the great boa-constrictor of America to effect unity by swallowing its rival monsters.

OWNING UP.

Logically speaking, of course, you cannot put yourself in the right by acknowledging that you are in the wrong. Practically, however, it is always being done, and those who make the acknowledgment with a good grace disarm their accusers: graciousness is a gift for which the possessor gets full credit from the time that he can speak till the last man who remembers him is dead. We might almost divide the world into those who acknowledge and confess their transgressions and those who seem constitutionally unable to do so; but this would not be to separate between the sheep and the goats. The world forgives the man who openly repents (unless he has done something very unusually bad); he also forgives himself, crosses off the debt, and starts fresh; but there are secret penitents who never speak and who cannot forgive themselves. It would be sentimental, perhaps, to think too much about the mental pains of these dumb sinners. They suppress a good impulse of nature, and are a cause of unkindness and injustice in their fellow creatures. The natural and right thing is to "own up." Still, we ought not to be too hard on the man who cannot apologize. He is not likely to be very happy, though he may gradually become a saint; for he will disappoint his friends. After all, goodness, pure and simple, is not what we ask of our intimate acquaintance. We demand it in the abstract of peers and poor people, and all those whom we lump together in classes but do not know much about singly. What we ask of our friends is that they should be lovable.

Whatever one may think of the uses to which the impulse to confess has been put by theologians, or of the doctrines which they have evolved from

it, it remains a good impulse, and the peace of mind which confession brings remains a mystery, however eloquently we may argue against the possibility of earthly absolution. One proof of the goodness of the impulse is that when yielded to it produces goodness in others. Every decent man loses his sense of rancour in the face of an apology. It dwindles in exact proportion as he believes the apology to be sincere. A complete and gracious expression of regret is of course more easily accepted than an awkward one, but that is only because the latter is less immediately understood and more easily misjudged. We are inclined to think the awkward offender is not so sorry as the man who is not shy. As a rule we are mistaken. It is a cruel man—and an utterly worthless woman—in whom an expression of regret creates not commiseration but contempt. We should say they are more exceptional than the people at the other end of the moral scale who feel no movement of revenge under any circumstances. The Christian religion makes a large demand when it ordains that a repentant neighbor is to be forgiven ten times a day, but the demand is simply made upon our patience; the sentiment appealed to can hardly be considered less natural than the sentiment which prompts to retaliation.

Admission, however, is not quite the same thing as apology. There are certain faults which people never repent—perhaps they do not know they possess them—which are rendered completely innocuous by admission. There is a childish vanity, for instance, a childish, if disproportionate, appreciation of their own value, for which it would be churlish indeed to dislike many men and women. Half the delight of a present to a child is in the

showing of it, and more than half the pleasure which some grown up people derive from an expression of appreciation is in the repeating of it. They lack the quick sense of the ridiculous which stands many of us in stead of humility, and they are none the worse for being without it. Often we like them for the unconscious trust they reveal in the amiability of their fellow-creatures. Some women—some of the very best—have a tendency to plot for other people's benefit. The deceit they believe themselves to practise and continually allow themselves to reveal is as innocent as a child's romance.

Indeed, the ostentatiously frank type of woman is not a very agreeable one. Goaded by an antiquated accusation of slyness, she blusters about her bad qualities. "I am a good hater," she admits, or "a violent partisan," (why are women so proud of partisanship?), or "a careless speaker." Having said this, she considers that she has "advertised herself out of the law," and is free to do someone a bad turn, act wrongly in a good cause, or repeat gossip with conscious inaccuracy. Very often her world forgives her because she has warned them of her peculiarities and they are deceived by what they foolishly think her ingenuousness. Pope knew her very well, and said of her in his catalogue of female fallings:—

And she who owns her fault but never mends,
Because she's honest and the best of friends.

There is a still more contemptible method of cheating conscience which deceives many. The device is very simple. It consists in openly proclaiming one's faults under the bare misnomer of some distantly allied virtue. "I do like justice," says someone, "and I cannot bear to be done out of my rights." Then they tell a long

story about the trouble they have given over a sixpence. A true comment upon their action would run thus: "I am so abominably mean that I would make any fuss and risk any amount of pain to my neighbors before I would forego the veriest trifle." Again, they will say: "I do think that everyone should do their duty, and I was determined, though I hated to do it, that I would make So-and-so do his." If they want to describe their action at all they ought to say, "I am by nature a tyrant, and I am willing to wear myself out if only I can wring a few paltry acts of submission from any one." Both men and women often say "I speak my mind," or "I feel I must speak the truth," when they ought to say, "I never make the slightest effort to control my natural tendency to verbal cruelty."

The people who discuss their own virtues in the abstract are not, we think, greater bores than those who discuss their own faults. The former are, however, as a rule the better people, for they make some effort for very shame's sake to live up to their boast, while the others have effectually prepared themselves and their friends to expect the worst. Such frankness is prompted by subtlety. It is no plea for forgiveness, but merely a method of saying "*Merci d'avance*" for future indulgence practised by those who have grasped the great fact that the vast majority of men are very simple, and a large proportion when not angry are very kind. "Thou shalt not hide" is a commandment more generally recognized by the commonplace moralist than "Thou shalt not be found out."

It is curious to reflect that a public opinion which is so kind to a man or woman who "owns up" about the things which may be said to concern his or her soul is so harsh to the convert where intellectual matters are concerned. If a man has begun life

with a false conclusion, and comes in later years to repudiate it, he gets little indulgence from any one, and often appears to be ashamed of himself. His former co-believers usually regard him as a turncoat. We all believe ourselves to be followers of Truth, but it would never occur to us to forgive a stumbling fellow-disciple ten times a day! Indeed we most of us feel in—
The Spectator.

wardly that a man should stick to his errors rather than keep changing his opinions. As a matter of fact we are all very doubtful outside the region of morals where truth lies, and we think stability of more importance than conclusion. Morality is in theory the one subject upon which nothing can be said absolutely. In practice it is the only thing about which we are all agreed.

PHRASES OF THE FEMININE FICTIONIST.

Fiction is to-day mainly written by women; and it is already possible to compile an anthology of words and phrases used and understood by women alone.

"Man-like" is a woman's word; so is "friendly-wise," and "alright." No male author would make the heroine say "I am a very woman!" It is the women authors, too, who ruin the hero every week by "a paper found in the left-hand drawer of an old bureau."

Heroines lead an anxious and harassed life. Young persons "sweep up" when out for the evening; ladies when exceptionally tender "flute"; and girls, on the slightest provocation, "pant." "I shall have the world at my feet one day," Rachel panted, 'clapping and applauding me to the echo . . . the world!' Heroines do things in brackets. They speak (gloomily) and (grudgingly) and (archly). Grand-uncles are addressed (yearningly). Heroines do not reply; they "flash." The best heroines "ripple." "'How man-like!' Amlinta rippled."

Heroines and ladies going into the magazines to say that their heart will find "its king" are "not exactly beautiful." Though there is ever something about them which lures the careless passer-by to look again, their face is "not quite flawless," and the best heroines suffer from a nose which is "not

quite a perfect one." Secure in the possession of "a woman's true heart," they discover "a Foul Wrong," defeat Scotland Yard, and engage in detecting crime in Ross-shire. They cast a glamour over legal gentlemen and a respectable family solicitor, a dry man, a bachelor given to charging six-and-eightpence, departed so far from professional practice as to say that it was not for him to read the secrets of a woman's heart—subsequently forgetting to charge Miss Myrtle thirteen-and-fourpence "to advising you to take your own way."

"Dainty" is a woman's word. It is used equally of an authentic collection of Goss China, the property of one Geneviève, and of a practical tablecloth, belonging to "a poor dressmaker with a dear, old face." Some girls are possessed of "a dainty figure"; and, in shaking hands, heroines give melancholy young gentlemen a "dainty hand in friendly-wise." They live with the tea-cup permanently in their womanly fingers; tepid tea and insubstantial bread are technically referred to as "a dainty meal."

Faces are "proud"; and ladies with an imperfect nose have "a pure, proud, lovely woman's face, with glorious soul-lit eyes." Heroines are "slight." Chairs, on the other hand, are "deep"; and after the accident of a sprained

ankle you "almost carry Elsie's slight figure to a deep chair."

In the important matter of costume, emotional dresses are worn and virginal thoughts go with white frocks. "Clinging white draperies" are essential to the heroine, and "colors" are not worn.

Eyes are extremely significant. The heroines have "glorious, dark-blue, soul-lit, womanly eyes." Ladies of a villainous type, on the other hand, are recognizable by their "green eyes." On encountering at a country house eyes "scintillating like emeralds," a bachelor should despatch a telegram summoning himself to the death-bed of "his grand aunt, Barbara Batley." In Chapter Thirty-Four Green Eyes are "unmasked." Heroines with "pansy eyes," ladies with orbs "misty with unshed tears," are dedicate and unlike anything on earth. Though they have shortened their hair and lengthened their skirts, "as yet no thought of love has entered their bright young lives," and "all that seemed too far away from their young glorious thoughts."

Gentlemen with "the most expressive dark eyes" lead a harassed life.

The hero is a clod, a thing stuffed out with straw. It is the business and profession of a hero to come into accidents; his occupation is to tumble off his horse; he needs "womanly care and compassion." He goes over cliffs; he is sand-bagged; he runs a hook into his "poor hand" while fraudulently pretending to fish, and he "almost faints." Awakened out of a "swoon" by the application of cold water, he sees a face whose "beauty is graven for ever on the tablets of his memory." He says "For pity's sake let me in . . . A face was pressed against the window-pane . . . ghastly, pallid, with white lips and eyes that gazed in unseeing fashion." In fact, there had been a fall of snow. She chafes

his "half-frozen fingers. He was helpless as a babe." The general helplessness of heroes is their prevailing note. Barristers are briefless. Man is good in so far as he approaches a distinctly feminine type, and the ideal is to be "a very woman." The best men, persons with well-kept hands, are distinguished by "a touch as tender as a woman's." Colonels and Majors who delimitate frontiers and hunt "big game" have "a mouth as sweet as a girl's." The eyes of Colonel Melcombe are "luminous with sympathy"; the war-worn veteran weeps "like a babe."

Then there is the Wretch and the Brute. His wife is a "deeply wronged woman." The Brute has "a retreating chin." But . . . "there is no hint of weakness about his sister, albeit she was altogether sweet and womanly." Often they are men with green eyes, with "dark olive faces," and a cigar. The Brute "grinds his teeth." "His evil passions were thoroughly roused; they swept his soul like a blasting flame." The Wretch is greedy, and when you write of him, the feminine language runs naturally into terms of eating and metaphors of gross gluttony. "He kept his eyes on the hall-door like a chained wolf on meat beyond his reach."

Burglary is venial, and so is blood-letting. There are viler things against the Brute, and dark matters which cannot be explained by retiring to South America or taking "a solemn oath." "Against my guardian's wish . . . almost in defiance of her authority . . . I married the man I loved. He proved to be a gambler . . . and worse!" This degraded person, in fact, had sworn at his wife; and was generally "a most determined, unscrupulous man." He dies in Chapter Twenty-Eight. And wasn't he "horrid"!

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

A piquant little love-story with an Italian setting is "The Contessa's Sister" by Gardner Teall. It is told in a pleasant, leisurely fashion by the hero, an American of taste, wit and fortune, who possesses himself of a villa on the island of Capri, and settles himself to the enjoyment of local color and cooking with no suspicion of the disturbance to be made in his plans by a chance turn of his telescope toward the Contessa's balcony. An opportune letter from home introduces him to the circle from which he had intended to hold aloof, and the path of romance proves not too difficult, though a German baron is found blocking it. An English spinster joins with the baron in providing touches of sprightly comedy, the Caprese servants are delightfully described, and the book is clever, entertaining and satisfactory from beginning to end—a real gem of its kind. Houghton Mifflin Co.

Having already grouped certain of his essays under the whimsical designations "On Nothing" and "On Everything," Mr. H. Belloc now presents a third volume "On Something." The titles are somewhat arbitrary. They might be shifted about without confusion, and the essays "On Something" be described as "On Nothing" or "On Everything." But titles do not matter. They may be accepted as harmless caprices of the author; and no one will quarrel with them so long as each of the three volumes presents twenty or thirty papers,—in the present instance, thirty—on a wide variety of subjects, pervaded by a gentle humor and an unforced sentiment, and making altogether a group of sketches which it is a delight to read, and a still greater delight to read aloud. It is well that public and parlia-

mentary activities do not wholly extinguish the literary gift: Augustine Birrell, to be sure, has almost ceased to "birrell" since he took on the cares of state; but Sir James Yoxall, Mr. Malcolm, and Mr. Belloc have not forgotten the claims of their readers. E. P. Dutton & Co.

Molly Elliot Seawell's "The Ladies' Battle" (The Macmillan Co.) is a contribution to the discussion of woman suffrage from the point of view of a woman who not only does not want the ballot but has definite and well-considered grounds for her opposition to the grant of it. It is terse and pungent, and thoroughly up to date, for it touches upon an incident so recent as the trouble which the London suffragettes experienced in getting possession of their skating rink, on the occasion of the census strike, April 2d of this year. The two basic reasons which Miss Seawell puts forward against woman suffrage in the United States are, First, that no electorate has ever existed or ever can exist which cannot execute its own laws; and Second, that no voter has ever claimed, or ever can claim, maintenance from another voter. The first of these arguments is familiar, but the second is new, especially in the way in which Miss Seawell presents it. Incidentally, she shows that in some of the suffrage states, women are not only jointly responsible with their husbands for the support of children, but may even be divorced for non-support of their husbands. Whether the reader agrees or disagrees with Miss Seawell's conclusions, he will at least not find her book dull; it is the more effective for not being discursive.

Professor Henri Bergson's important work on "Creative Evolution" is presented to American readers in an

authorized translation by Arthur Mitchell, Ph.D. (Henry Holt & Co.). While its first appeal is to students of science and philosophy, its clearness of reasoning and statement commends it also to the general reader, provided he be not disinclined to serious thought. Professor Bergson is dissatisfied with all of the categories of thought as applied to the things of life. He finds them all too narrow. "Around our conceptual and logical thought," he says, "is a vague nebulousness made of the very substance out of which has been formed the very nucleus. That we call the intellect. Therein reside powers complementary to the understanding. The theory of knowledge and the theory of life must interact. Together they must solve, by a method more sure, the great problems that philosophy poses." Life he defines as "more than anything else a tendency to act on inert matter." Of consciousness he affirms that it is essentially free; its destiny is not bound up with the destiny of cerebral matter, and it is distinct from the organism which it animates. All organized beings, from the humblest to the highest, evidence a single impulsion. The meaning of evolution, as he sums it up in a characteristic paragraph, is this: "All the living hold together, and all yield to the same tremendous push. The animal takes its stand on the plant, man bestrides animality, and the whole of humanity, in space and in time, is one immense army, galloping beside and before and behind each of us in an overwhelming charge, able to beat down every resistance and clear the most formidable obstacles, perhaps even death."

Far more fascinating than a novel is the study of economic possibilities which William Carleton names "One Way Out: A Middle-Class New-Englander Emigrates to America." Told in the first person, it describes the ex-

periences of a man of thirty-eight, employed since his boyhood in clerical work for a large manufacturing company, who loses his job through pressure from below, and becomes almost desperate at the difficulty of finding another. Convinced that the men who are really achieving independence are the emigrants here, he decides to put himself in their position, to pack up, go down to the dock—but ten miles away—and start from there. His capable, courageous wife is in full sympathy with him, and the smack of adventure appeals to their eleven-year-old boy. Fortunate in having no relatives to oppose their plan, and evading the curiosity of their neighbors, they sell most of their furnishings, and hire a four-room flat in the Italian quarter of the city. Carleton buys a pair of overalls and presents himself at the office of a contractor's agent, and is at once engaged on a subway shovelling job at a dollar and a half a day, remarking philosophically to his wife that he would as soon dig in Massachusetts as in Montana. The freedom from conventional restrictions and obligations which is at once felt by all three, enables them to spend for necessities only, and they begin to put by a little money regularly—a feat which they had never accomplished on thirty dollars a week. Details of domestic expenses, with bills of fare, fill some appetizing pages. Descriptions follow of the opportunities for evening entertainment and education which the city offers to those not too proud to use them. But the main interest of the narrative lies in Carleton's gradual advancement from a day-laborer to a foreman, and finally to a contractor. Its probability will be questioned at points, but the general principles which the writer lays down, in sensible, everyday language, serve as a substantial foundation for his facts. Small, Maynard & Co.